

COMFORT

Key to Happiness and Success
One Million and a Quarter Homes

DEVOTED TO ART, LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND THE HOME CIRCLE.

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Mr. Randolph has broken his promise, tell him he will not be expected.
(See Story, 'An Irish Cupid'.)

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COMFORT

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Happiness and Success in over

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Crumbs of Comfort

Grief alone can teach us what is man.
Sorrows remembered sweeten present joy.
Measures not men are the mark to aim at.
He that is lavish in words is stingy in deeds.
Revenge is the abject pleasure of the abject mind.

There is nothing stronger than human prejudice.

Few men have virtue to withstand the highest bid.

Freethinkers are generally those who never think at all.

Forever from the hand that takes
One blessing from us, others fall;
And soon or late our Father makes
His perfect recompense to all.

—Whittier.

Great stations make great men greater and little ones less.

The mind is never right except when it is at peace with itself.

It is not so difficult a task to plant new truths as to root out old errors.

Solitude is sometimes best society and short retirement urges sweet return.

We confide our secrets in friendship, but they escape us in love.

Severity may make men hypocrites, but it can never make them converts.

Heaven often regulates effects by their causes and pays the wicked what they deserve.

Slay the passions that dwarf the soul—
Envy and avarice drag you down;

Mount to the summit and wear the crown
Won by your deeds of self-control.

—H. D. Gould.

Lovers are apt to hear through their eyes, but the safer way is to see through their ears.

We are all a kind of chameleons, taking our hue, the hue of our moral character, from those about us.

He that aspires to be the head of a party will find it more difficult to please his friends than to perplex his foes.

A person who would secure great deference to himself will gain his point by silence as effectually as by anything he can say.

In the same degree we overrate ourselves, we underrate others, for injustice allowed at home is not likely to be corrected abroad.

We may lay in a stock of pleasures as we would lay in a stock of wine, but if we delay the tasting of them too long we will find that both are soured by age.

AN IRISH CUPID

By Arthur Wallace Peach

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See title page illustration.

DE GANG gathered swiftly behind the shelter of the big block, and consternation was in every dirty little face, even "Deutchy," porky in stature and in mind was excited.

"Tony's bin pinched!" announced Patsy O'Hara, leader of the gang by virtue of might and battle. "We've got ter help him! How was it, Mike?" Patsy turned to one of his excited comrades.

Mike spluttered through an explanation. "Me'n was standin' by ther Park fence, un along comes a gezer, un he says somepin' like—take this bundle somethers—I didn't git where—un Tony says: 'Cert,' un the gezer digs out a clink'r. Un the next 'n' I know up comes Hippy un hollers: 'Tony's bin pinched!' "

The gang who had crowded in close around Mike while he was talking relaxed a little and they looked into one another's face in dismay. Tony, little weazened stammerer, always getting into difficulties which taxed the capabilities of the gang to pull him out of, had got into trouble again.

Patsy stood thinking, and slowly, anger crept into his eyes and almost shot sparks off the ends of his close cropped, stiff red hair. "I'd like ter know—Gee! think of Tony, little kid like him, ain't got no nerve—swipin'! Bet he's scut ter death by now. That wa's some mean Skinner did that ting—thought he'd git rid of the goods he

didn't want. Fellows, we got ter git 'im out." For a moment Patsy thought, and the gang hung silently, waiting for the words of wisdom to fall from his lips. Patsy's face brightened, sobered, brightened. "By—say—I know." He started away; then paused as he saw all the gang in a body make ready to follow him. "Well, yer kin come erlong it'll be more imposin'."

Straight down the street they went, threading the thick traffic like water through gravel, keeping steadily in wake of Patsy's beacon of red hair, leading them whether they knew not, on an unknown errand. They wondered where he was taking them, but the ways of Patsy were mysterious as they had learned long ago; but they had confidence in the keen little brain under the coarse red hair.

He stooped before a flight of broad marble steps. On each side of the entrance were many bronze tablets giving the names of the offices in the big building. As Patsy stopped, they crowded close around him.

"Now, youse kids keep close ter me, un keep yer mouths shut, un when I take off me hat, you take off yours—see?" They saw.

"Come on, thin."

Keeping close to Patsy, ready to wrench off such head gear as they boasted at his initiative, on they went up long stairs, down corridors. Once a man in uniform stopped them, but Patsy's easy answer drew a gasp of admiration from the listening gang, and the man let them go on.

A few more turns and Patsy paused before a door with great gold letters printed upon it. "It's one o' dem lawyers," one of the gang

Why Don't He Come?

Why don't he come? He promised me.
He surely would be here;
And pa and ma are out to tea,
For once the coast is clear.
I wonder what he wants to say!
When last his leave he took,
He asked me twice at home to stay,
I wonder how I look!
Oh, why I'm almost out of breath!
Suppose he asks; what then?
I'll certainly be scared to death,
I'm so afraid of men;
I think I'll keep yes to the last;
I think I'll answer no,
For many a girl by hurying past
Outstrips her tardy beau.
Oh, here he comes—his step I hear—
And now he'll soon begin,
I would not for the world appear
In haste to let him in.

whispered, then subsided quickly as Patsy looked at him. "He's a frien' o' mine," Patsy announced proudly. "Now min' your manners."

He swung open the door at the same time taking off his cap; so quickly, it was almost in unison, off went their caps. The gang found themselves in a wonderful place; eyes and mouths opened as they marshaled behind the intrepid Patsy. A man looked over a grating at them, and his face expanded in amazement.

"Great Jupiter! What's struck?" the gang heard him say.

But Patsy walked straight up in a way that drew more gasps of astonishment from the gang who were all ready to bolt.

"I want ter see Mister Randolph, he's a frien' o' mine," Patsy greeted him steadily.

The man looked at him. "What's your name?"

"Patrick O'Harragan," Patsy answered proudly.

The man looked at the gang again, then smoothed his hair, and looked at another door.

"Well, I'll be Smith." Somebody else came to the grating. "Here's some of Randy's clients—had I better tell him?" asked the first man.

"Sure," was the other's short, certain reply. "Randolph thinks the world of those dirty little devils, tell him."

The first man went from the grating. Patsy looked back with pride at the gang, and the gang grinned expansively. Patsy sure was in high society.

The next moment a tall, dark-haired man with keen gray eyes, rather stern looking, came out: "Hullo, Pat," he greeted Patsy—"what the dickens!" he exclaimed as he saw the others marshaled behind Patsy in close array.

"Frien' o' mine," Patsy said. "One o' de gangs in der coop—we want ter hire yer ter git 'im out."

"Oh! well—come on," the big voice said, heartily. Patsy went and after him the gang. "Whoa—it's a rippin' hang out," one of them so far forgot as to whisper as they went through the finely appointed offices to one marked—Randolph—Private; but Patsy silenced further comments with a warning glance.

Like a flock of sheep they followed Patsy into the office and stood huddled behind his back as he went on to explain what they wanted.

The lawyer's gray eyes grew hard and ugly as he heard the story. "Some sneak thief shoving it onto Tony, eh, Patsy? We'll fix it—come on."

He picked up his hat on his desk, and they went out. The gang gasped again and tagged close. The elevator was inadequate and so they took the stairs. Into the street Randolph strode, Patsy trotting beside him as dignified as he could, the gang following in shifting order but never far behind.

Up the broad steps of the Federal Building they went, through strange places and swinging doors, where blue uniformed men and men with badges were very thick, the kind of men whom they dreaded thoroughly.

Suddenly, Randolph pulled open a door and they followed him into a strange room. Big-eyed and silent they collected behind his back. "There's Tony!" fell from their lips. And there sure enough Tony was, his little "kid" face pale and white, frightened clear through. Standing near was a big "cop"; and there was the Judge, and—piles of things.

"You kids stay here a moment." The lawyer left them and went up and spoke to the Judge; then he came back. "Tony's case comes up next," he said to Patsy. "Who was the kid with Tony?"

"All right," the lawyer said. "You kids stay here in these seats; Patsy and Mike and Hippy come up with me."

The gang melted into a silent close clump in the seats and watched with unwinking eyes Patsy and the others go up with the lawyer. The three sat down near the Judge. Everything went on. Then, suddenly they saw the Lawyer jump to his feet, look sharply at his watch, at the big clock in the court room, stand a moment in silence, then bend and speak to Patsy. He wrote something on a piece of paper, and a moment later Patsy sped down the aisle and out the door.

For the fifth time in half an hour, Alice Weston went to the great window and looked down the broad street. Her small mouth was beginning to set in cold even lines, and her eyes had lost the merry little glint that always was hovering there. She felt that she had the right to be angry—an engagement solemnly promised and agreed upon only a day ago, one half hour beyond the time, and yet he had not come.

Sinking into the great seat near the window, she rested her chin between her slim hands and looked out, but her eyes were not watching the few passers-by in the street. Her thoughts were with Randolph. Tonight she had planned the little lunch with him at his urgent request, and now he was failing to keep the engagement which he himself had asked for.

She knew what he wished to ask, the question had been lurking on his lips for many weeks; all day she had been thinking of him, and trying to decide what her answer would be. Strong and capable she knew him to be in his chosen profession, honored and respected, and yet—she had heard him often accused of being merciless, cruel, hard and above all selfish, thinking always, save where it would count against him, of himself and his own interests. And she could almost believe it. The stern gray eyes, the cool, calculating exterior, had been one of the things that weighed in the balance against him long ago, and it weighed against him now. Still she knew in her heart she had come to think much of him for other qualities, but—the failure to keep such an engagement, at such a time, under such circumstances was something no man would do, who really loved a girl, who had any unselfish consideration for her.

A step sounded in the room, and a quiet, even modulated voice said: "Miss Weston, shall I serve lunch?"

"No," she answered a little sharply, and the butler withdrew, gently.

"Even Williams is getting anxious," she thought to herself. "Five minutes more and then—A little dark shadow gathered in the center of each cheek. "Then there will be someone else," she murmured to herself.

At a word Glenor would come as fast as his car could bring him; and she could picture how his gay, cheery eyes would light as he entered the room. He had been rather neglected by her of late. He was well worthy of better treatment. Sometimes her bolder friends had asked why she was so friendly with the cold keen attorney when Glenor with his wealth, his name, his gay friendliness stood so ready and so near. Perhaps, perhaps, she had made a mistake.

Larger, as she thought, loomed the darker side of her knowledge of Randolph's character; slowly her mind went to this final decision, to give her life into such keeping. Like a shock the answer came in the slow measured beats of the hall clock striking the hour.

Swiftly she went to another room, wrote and addressed a note to Glenor. As she lifted her hand to the bell, she heard below in the hall the

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A Few Words by the Editor

CONGRESS has investigated the high cost of living. The report was not unanimous, that is to say the minority members of the committee protested against the character of the findings of the majority of the committee, and they will render a separate report.

Forty-one witnesses gave testimony, and exhaustive reports from United States consuls and foreign governments were also carefully considered.

A great many causes of course have naturally contributed to the advance in prices of commodities during the last few years, chief among which according to the majority report, are the following:

The increased cost of production of farm products, due to increased wages, and higher land values.

Increased demand for all articles of food, and farm products generally.

Migration of rural communities from food-producing to food-consuming centers.

Lower average production, owing to reduced fertility of land, and greater expenditure for fertilizers, etc.

The holding of crops by agriculturists for most favorable markets; reduced supply of commodities convenient to lines of transportation; the storage of commodities in refrigerating plants, which enable wholesalers to buy at the lowest price and sell at the highest.

Many other causes are mentioned in the report, among them, over capitalization, higher standards of living, increased supply of gold, industrial combinations commonly called "trusts", and organizations of both producers and dealers, which in many respects are similar to the trusts.

Wholesale prices in the United States during the last ten years have increased as a whole 14.5 per cent. Farm products at 39.8 per cent show the greatest advance; food cost has advanced 19.7 per cent; various commodities 14.7 per cent; clothes and clothing 12.0 per cent; fuel and lighting 6.9 per cent; house furnishing goods 5.3 per cent; metal and implements 3.6 per cent; lumber and building materials 19.6 per cent. The price of drugs and chemicals have decreased 2.9 per cent.

Our readers will note that farm production is the most important cause in the present advance in prices, and in regard to this matter the report says:

"The supply of government available land for general farming has been materially reduced, and the ranges are being rapidly cut up into homes for settlers. The cost of producing live stock has materially increased with the disappearance of the range, which necessitates producing cattle on tame pasture and high-priced lands."

"Wholesale prices of farm and food products have advanced more rapidly in the United States in the last decade than in Great Britain and other European countries. Bacon was 73.4 per cent higher in Great Britain than in the United States ten years ago, but today it is only 39 per cent higher." The same may be said about beef, mutton, corn and wheat.

When the retail prices of the spring of 1900 are compared with the spring of this year, we find that bacon was 70 per cent higher than it was ten years ago, ham 33 per cent, flower 50 per cent, butter 45 per cent, sugar 12 per cent, and eggs 100 per cent higher. Coffee and tea have not advanced from the prices of ten years ago; shoes and clothing have greatly

advanced in the last decade, but furniture and earthenware remain about the same.

As regards wages, the report says:

"Wages have not advanced as rapidly as have prices, and practically all labor difficulties which have been the subject of mediation in the United States during the last two or three years have had as their basis, the advanced cost of labor. Wages in the United States advanced in about the same degree as did prices until 1907. Salaries have advanced but little during the last ten years. Wages have advanced more rapidly in the United States than in Europe."

"The price of many trust produced commodities have not advanced as rapidly as have other commodities. In some cases where such produced commodities have advanced greatly, the advance appears to be due largely to other causes, such as short supply.

"The tariff has been no material factor in causing the advance in prices during the last decade."

We are glad to note that the labor unions have not been blamed for contributing towards the high cost of living. This is rather remarkable considering the source of the report.

The expense of distributing food both by wholesale and retail, has had not a little to do with the high prices. The retailers get back at the housewives by declaring that they purchase in small quantities, and always want things delivered immediately, and naturally have to pay for the luxury of rush deliveries. Consumers are also paying for fancy packages in which food products are packed. Trading stamps, the delight of the city housewife, are of course paid for by increased food prices. High railroad freight rates have also had a great deal to do with boosting prices of everything we eat, wear, or use. And yet the railroads have just raised their rates.

One thing is very noticeable about this report. It absolves the administration from having anything to do with the outrageous advance in prices of the necessities of life. Neither the trusts nor the tariff could possibly be blamed in a report that hails from a senatorial committee room.

Dr. Thomas Nelson Carver, Professor of Political Economy at Harvard, in commenting on this report says:

"A student would fail to pass the introductory course in economics who would make such blunders as are contained in this report. The Lumber Trust and the sacred tariff are twin relics of barbarism, the one the result of an inefficient government and the other the product of a corrupt government."

"It was pre-ordained that this report would not mention the tariff as a factor in the high cost of living. It is not merely illogical and ridiculous, it is absolutely dishonest not to assign the tariff as at least one among the causes. I think the omission of all reference to the tariff was intentional."

The government report leaves us in much the same condition as we were before it was made and almost as much in the dark. Perhaps the minority report will let in a little light, light that is sadly needed.

While it is not within the scope of this editorial to specify in detail what legislation is requisite to bring the prices of the necessities of life down to where they will be within the means of the average citizen, it is easy to point out a general line of policy which is sure to give a large measure of relief, if adopted by Congress.

Congress should immediately enact laws which shall make it impossible for such notoriously wicked combinations as the meat trust, the sugar trust, the oil trust, the tobacco trust, and others equally pernicious but less conspicuous, to monopolize the market, control supply and distribution, and arbitrarily fix prices extortiously high to the consumer and ruinously low to the producer.

Such trusts as cannot be made to obey the law should be abolished, which is just what the government is laboring to do in its cases against the Standard Oil and Tobacco Trusts which hang fire in the U. S. Supreme Court because of doubt as to the sufficiency of the law. The law should be made so clear and strong that decisive results could be speedily reached.

One of the largest elements that enters into the cost of most products by the time they get to market is railroad freight. These freights are high and rising; so high as to be a burdensome tax on produced and consumer everywhere, but especially throughout the broad territory that stretches from the Mississippi River to the Pacific Ocean where the people are making a desperate fight for lower freight rates and claim that the railroads are absorbing the profits of agriculture and productive industry in this great region.

The railroads seek to justify these high rates on the ground that they are necessary to enable them to pay dividends on their stock. But the people reply that the railroad stocks are notoriously watered and fraudulently over-capitalized to the extent of hundreds of millions and that the public should not be taxed to pay the owners an income on fictitious capital which represents neither value nor money investment.

Railroad rates should and must be so regulated by the government that the railroads may realize a fair return on the capital honestly invested; to allow them to exact more than this is the worst species of robbery which cripples every line of business and productive industry, and checks the development of the country.

Congress should make fraudulent over-capitalization of railroads impossible.

President Taft, as we understand, favors such legislation and it is up to the people to elect a Congress that will give it to us.

There is a loud cry for reform of the tariff, but just how it should be done is a difficult problem regarding which there is a great diversity of opinion among honest men. The fact is "the tariff is largely a local question," as General Hancock wisely remarked when asked his opinion. At the time he was ridiculed for saying it, but it is true, for each section of the country wants its products protected and clamors for free trade in the other fellow's products. That is natural but it makes it impossible to arrange a tariff schedule which will satisfy everybody; the best that can be done is to arrive at a reasonably satisfactory compromise that will serve the best interests of the general public while doing injustice to none.

One pretty safe rule to adopt would be to assess the revenue on the luxuries and exempt the necessities of life from taxation so far as practical; also, and equally important, to establish free competition in all articles the price of which is arbitrarily controlled by a trust.

If a trust has crushed out all home competition, certainly it is wise to invoke foreign competition to help us overthrow the monopoly.

Comfort's Editor.

MADDY'S TEMPTATION

Or, A Heroic Sacrifice

By Mrs. Mary J. Holmes

CHAPTER XXII. (CONTINUED.)
"T HE steamer is here. Shall be at station at five o'clock p.m.
"GUY REMINGTON."

Twice Maddy read it over, experiencing much the same feeling she would have experienced had it been her death warrant she was reading.

"At five o'clock. I must go before that," she said, sighing as she remembered how, one year ago that day, she was traveling over the very route where Guy was now traveling with his bride. Did he think of it? Think of his long waiting at the depot, or of that memorable ride, the events of which grew more and more distinct in her memory, making her cheeks burn even now as she recalled his many acts of tender care.

Laying the telegram on the table, she went with Mrs. Noah through the rooms, warmed and made ready for the bride, lingering longest in Lucy's, which the bridal decorations and the bright fire blazing in the grate made singularly inviting. As yet, there were no flowers there, and Maddy claimed the privilege of arranging them for this room herself. Agnes had almost stripped the conservatory; but Maddy found enough to form a most tasteful bouquet, which she placed upon a marble dressing-table; then within a slip of paper which she folded across the top, she wrote:

"Welcome to the bride."

"They both will recognize my handwriting; they'll know I've been here," she thought, as with one long, last look at the room, she walked away.

They were laying the table for dinner now, and with a kind of dizzy, uncertain feeling, Maddy watched the servants hurrying to and fro, bringing out the choicest china, and the glittering silver, in honor of the bride. Comparatively it was not long since a little, frightened, homesick girl, she first sat down with Guy at that table, from which the proud Agnes would have banished her; but it seemed to her an age, so much of happiness and pain had come to her since then. There was a place there for her now, a place near Guy; but she should not fill it. She could not stay; and she astonished Agnes and Jessie, just as they were going to make their dinner toilet, by announcing her intention of going home. She was not dressed to meet Mrs. Remington, she said, shuddering as for the first time she pronounced a name which the servants had frequently used, and which jarred on her ear every time she heard it. She was not dressed appropriately to meet an English lady. Flora of course would stay, she said, as it was natural she should, to greet her new mistress; but she must go, and she bade Charlie Green to bring around the buggy.

Agnes was not particularly surprised, for a vague suspicion of something like the truth had gradually been creeping into her brain, as she noted Maddy's pallid face, and the changes which passed over it whenever Guy was mentioned. Agnes pitied Maddy, for in her own heart there was a little burning spot, when she knew who was to accompany Dr. Holbrook. So she did not urge her to remain, and she tried to hush Jessie's lamentations when she heard Maddy was going.

One long, sad, wistful look at Guy's and Lucy's home, and Maddy followed Charlie to the buggy waiting for her, bidding him drive rapidly, as there was every indication of a coming storm.

The gray, wintry afternoon was drawing to a close, and the December night was shutting down upon the Honedale hills in sleety rain,

when the cottage was reached, and Maddy, passing up the narrow, slippery walk, entered the cold, dreary room, where there was neither fire nor light, no friendly voice to greet her. No sound save the ticking of the clock; no welcome save the purring of the house cat, which came crawling at her feet as she knelt before the stove and tried to kindle the fire. Charlie Green had offered to go in and do this for her, as indeed he had offered to return and stay all night, but she had declined, preferring to be alone, and with stiffened fingers she laid the kindlings Flora had prepared, and then applying the match, watched the blue flame as it gradually licked up the smoke and burst into a cheerful blaze.

"I shall feel better when it's warm," she said, crouching over the fire, and shivering with more than bodily cold.

There was a kind of nameless terror stealing over her as she sat thinking of the year ago when the inmates of three graves across the meadow were there beneath that very roof where she now sat alone.

"I'll strike a light," she said, rising to her feet, and trying not to glance at the shadowy corners filling her with fear.

The lamp was found, and its friendly beams soon dispelled the darkness from the corners and the fear from Maddy's heart but it could not drive from her mind thoughts of what might be transpiring at that moment at Alkenside.

If the bride and groom came at all that night, she knew they must have been there for an hour or more, and in fancy she saw the tired, but happy Lucy, as up in her room she made her toilet for dinner, with Guy standing by and looking on just as he had a right to do. Did he smile approvingly upon his young wife? Did his eye

when it rested on her, light up with the same expression she had seen so often when it looked at her? If so, his burden was hard indeed, but not so hard as hers, and kneeling on the floor, poor Maddy laid her head in the chair, and, 'mid piteous moans, asked God to help them both to bear their lot.

The prayer ended, Maddy still sat upon the floor, while over her pale face the lamplight faintly flickered, showing the dark lines beneath her eyes and the tear stains on her cheek. Without, the storm still was raging, and the wintry rain, mingled with sleet and snow, beat pitilessly against the curtained windows, while the wind howled mournfully as it shook the door and sweeping past the cottage went screaming over the hill. But Maddy heard nothing of the tumult. She had brought a pillow from the bedroom, and placing it upon the chair sat down again upon the floor and rested her head upon it. She did not even know that her pet cat had crept up beside her, purring contentedly and occasionally licking her hair, much less did she hear above the storm the swift tread of horses' feet as someone came dashing down the road, the rider pausing an instant as he caught a glimpse of the cottage lamp and then hurrying on to the public-house beyond, where the hostler frowned

moodily at being called out to care for a stranger's horse, the stranger meanwhile turning back afoot to where the cottage lamp shone, a beacon light through the inky darkness. The stranger reached the little gate and, undoing the fastening, went hurrying up the walk, his step upon the crackling snow catching Maddy's ear at last and making her wonder who could be coming there on such a night as this. It was probably Charlie Green, she said, and with a feeling of impatience at being intruded upon she arose to her feet just as the door turned upon its hinges, letting in a powerful draught of wind, which extinguished the lamp and left her in total darkness.

But it did not matter. Maddy had caught a sound, a peculiar cough which froze the blood in her veins and made her quake with terror quite as much as if the footsteps hurrying toward her had been the footsteps of the dead, instead of belonging, as she knew they did, to Guy Remington—Guy, who, with garments saturated with rain, felt for her in the darkness, found her when from faintness she had crouched again beside the chair, drew her closely to him, in a passionate, almost painful, hug, and said, oh! so tenderly:

"Maddy, my darling, my own! We will never be parted again."

CHAPTER XXIII.

GUY'S STORY.

Hours had gone by, and the clock hands pointed to twelve, ere Maddy compelled herself to hear the story Guy had come to tell. She had shrunk him from her at first, speaking to him of Lucy, his wife, and Guy had answered her back: "I have no wife—I never had one. Lucy is in Heaven" and that was all Maddy knew until the great shock had spent itself in tears and sobs, as she tried to realize the fact that Lucy Atherstone was dead; that the bridal robe about which she had written, proved to be her shroud, and that her head that night was not pillow'd on Guy's arm, but was resting under English turf and beneath an English sky. She could listen at last, but her breath came in panting gasps; while Guy told her how, on the very morning of the bridal, Lucy had greeted him with the usual bright smile, appearing and looking better than he had before seen her look since he reached her mother's home; how for an hour they sat together alone in a little room sacred to her, because years before it was there he confessed his love.

Seated on a low ottoman, with her golden head lying on his lap, she had that morning told him, in her artless way, how much she loved him, and how hard it sometimes was to make her love for the creature second to her love for the Creator; told him she was not faultless, and asked that when he found how weak she was, he would bear with her frailties as she would bear with his; talked with him, too, of Maddy

Clyde, confessing in a soft, low tone, how once or twice a pang of jealousy had wrung her heart when she read his praises of his pupil. But she had conquered that; she had prayed it all away; and now next to her own sister, she loved Maddy Clyde. Other words, too, were spoken—words of guileless, pure affection, too sacred even for Guy to breathe to Maddy; and then Lucy had left him, her light, bounding step echoing through the hall and up the winding stairs down which she never came again alive, for when Guy next looked upon her she was lying white as a water-lily, her neck and dress and golden hair stained with the pale red life-current oozing from her livid lips. A blood vessel had been suddenly ruptured, the physician said, and for her, the fair, young bride, there was no hope. They told her she must die, for the mother would have them tell her. Once, for a few moments, there rested on her face a fearfully frightened look, such as a harmless bird might wear when suddenly caught in a snare. But that soon passed away as from beneath the closed eyelids the great tears came gushing, and the stained lips whispered faintly: "God knows best. Poor Guy!—break it gently to him."

At this point in the story Guy broke down entirely, sobbing as only strong men can sob.

"Maddy," he said, "I felt like a heartless wretch—a most consummate hypocrite—as, standing by Lucy's side, I met the fond, pitying glance of her blue eyes, and suffered her poor little hand to part my hair as she tried to comfort even, though every word she uttered was shortening her life; tried to comfort me, the wretch who was there so unwillingly, and who at the prospect of release hardly knew at first whether he was more sorry than pleased. You may well start from me in horror, Maddy. I was just the wretch I describe; but I overcame it, Maddy, and Heaven is my witness that no thought of you intruded itself upon me afterward as I stood by my dying Lucy—gentle, patient, loving to the last. I saw how good, how sweet she was, and something of the old love, came back to me, as I held her in my arms, where she wished to be. I would have saved her if I could; and when I called her my darling Lucy they were not idle words. I kissed her many times for myself, and once, Maddy, for you. She told me to. She whispered, 'Kiss me, Guy, for Maddy Clyde. Tell her I'd rather she should take my place than anybody else—rather my Guy should call her wife, for I know she will not be jealous if you sometimes talk of your dead Lucy, and I know she will help lead my boy to that blessed home where sorrow never comes.' That was the last she ever spoke, and when the sun went down death had claimed my bride. She died in my arms, Maddy. I saw her buried from my sight, and then, Maddy, I started home; thoughts of you and thoughts of Lucy blended equally together until Alkenside was reached. I talked with Mrs. Noah; I heard all of you there was to tell, and then I talked with Agnes, who was not greatly surprised, and did not oppose my coming here tonight. I could not remain there, knowing you were alone. In the bridal chamber I found your bouquet, with its 'Welcome to the bride.' Maddy, you must be that bride. Lucy sanctioned it, and the doctor, too, for I told him all. His own wedding was, of course deferred, and he did not come home with me, but he said: 'Tell Maddy not to

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 17.)



This Department is conducted solely for the use of COMFORT sisters, whereby they may give expression to their ideas relative to the home and home surroundings, and to all matters pertaining to themselves and families; as well as opening a way for personal correspondence between each other.

Our object is to extend a helping hand to COMFORT subscribers; to become coworkers with all who seek friendship, assistance, encouragement or sympathy.

Any abuse of this privilege, such as inviting correspondence for the purpose of offering an article for sale, or undertaking to earn a sum of money for ideas, recipes or information mentioned in any letter appearing in this department, if reported, will result in the offender being denied the use of these columns.

Do not ask us to print letters requesting patterns, quilt pieces, etc., for the purpose of, or with the expectation of receiving the equivalent in return, for this is not an exchange column.

Do not ask us to publish letters requesting donations of money. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate, it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

Do not request souvenir postals unless you have complied with the conditions which entitles you to such a notice. See postal request notice in another column.

We cordially invite mothers and daughters of all ages to write to COMFORT Sisters' Corner. Every letter will be carefully read and considered, and then the most helpful ones chosen for publication, whether the writer be an old or new subscriber.

Please write only on one side of the paper, and recipes on a separate sheet.

Always give your correct and full name and address, very plainly written; otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

Address all letters for this department to MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON, Care COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

I want to write you my dear sisters about a party I attended a few nights ago, because it furnished so much wholesome fun and gave me something pleasant to think about the following day. But I will commence at the beginning. About one week before the date set for the party, I received the following invitation:

"Backward, turn backward
Oh, time is your flight,
Make me a child again
Just for tonight."

DEAR MARY:
Won't you come to my party Tuesday night,
July 15, at half past seven?
17 Cedar Lane. ANNIE JOHNSON.

Well, about twenty of us gathered together, and when each one had removed her outer wraps, sure enough, all were wearing children's dresses according to the request contained in the invitation. And it changed our appearance so much, we hardly knew each other. By our hostess we were invited into the sitting-room where "Needles Eye," "Button, Button, Whose Got the Button," "Round the Green Carpet" and other old-time games were indulged in. This caused great merriment as all entered into the spirit of the games.

By this time, together with our unusual exertion and laughter we were a little weary and glad to be seated and partake of the refreshments so carefully prepared for the occasion.

First Annie passed each of us a blue and white checked gingham bib. These we put on and carried home as souvenirs of the occasion. Then a slice of bread, spread with butter and molasses was passed; then followed ice cream and seed cookies, gooseberry and stick candies. At frequent intervals during the refreshment hour, a tin pail full of water was passed (for what child does not want a lot of water with their food) and we drank from tin dippers.

Besides all the fun, our childish doings called to mind the days when we did these same things, which after all does not seem so long ago.

This form of entertainment is good for any season of the year, and as I enjoyed it so much I am passing the idea along, thinking someone might want to try it.—ED.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:
As I have been reading and enjoying your letters for several months I have decided to try to see if I can win just a little space in your cozy corner.

First of all, I will give you my description so you will all have an idea what your new sister looks like. I am seventeen years old, five feet tall, with dark auburn hair, large brown eyes, fair complexion, a small nose, a medium-sized mouth and I wear my hair parted in the middle and brought back and tied with a large bow of ribbon; so there now, you can all guess what I look like, can't you?

My mother died when I was just fifteen years of age, leaving me an only daughter with two brothers, one seventeen, and one twenty-three and married. I am now keeping house for my father and single brother. We own our home, a dear little seven-room house with every convenience, so my work is pleasant and not very hard.

I am very fond of little children and on Sunday I have a class of nine little girls and boys to teach; and really I am very happy and contented. Of course there are times when I feel as if I would like to give up everything and go to my mother, but I always try to fight against this and live for my father and brother. God has given me a grand good father and brother, and may I add dear sisters, that love rules our household.

I would be very thankful for any recipe or hint pertaining to housework.

It may help someone to know that grease spots may be effectively removed from the most delicate fabric by the application of dry buckwheat flour. Egg stains are removed by rubbing with table salt.

With best wishes, I am your friend and sister.
ANNA R. STOCKMAN, 3105 Newton St., N. E., Mt. Rainier, Md.

Anna. I like the pretty pen picture which you give us of your home and surroundings, and am greatly interested in your Sunday-school class and its youthful teacher. We should be glad to know something of your method of teaching, as it might prove helpful to other young sisters.—ED.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:
To the sister who wanted to know about the whiskey and salt cure for consumption, I will say that it cured my husband who was in a critical condition from frequent hemorrhages of the lungs. Put a pint of table salt into a quart bottle and oil with pure whiskey. Shake thoroughly once and let settle. Take a tablespoonful four or five times a day, and when the whiskey is all taken off the salt, fill again and shake well.

MRS. LULIA HARRIS, Apache, Okla.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:
I am now twelve years old and mamma has been a reader of COMFORT longer than that, and I ever since I could read.

The following is mamma's remedy for purifying the blood and which she always gives us when there is a contagious disease about, such as chickenpox and measles:

Mix together one half level teaspoonful of cream of tartar and one large tablespoonful of sulphur, adding enough molasses to make a thin paste. The dose is one teaspoonful every morning before breakfast for one week, then omit one week and take again.

I have sent in many clubs for COMFORT, but everybody about here has found out about what a good paper,

it is and so it is hard to get new subscribers now.

ETTE MILLES, Ellis, Box 2, La.

DEAR SISTERS:

I will tell you how I manage putting away fruit for winter use, especially when glass jars are scarce. A friend told me to dry my plums, which I did, and besides my family liking them very much it was a great help.

Put the plums on to cook whole, and with enough water to cover; when tender, drain off the water and use for jelly, or save in which to cook another batch of plums. Now you can either rub the plums through a colander or sieve, or simply press out the seeds with your fingers, the skins may be quickly taken off this way or left in the pulp. Spread the pulp on plates or shallow dishes and set in the sunshine. After drying a day or so, it should be turned over and then removed to clean boards or pasteboard as it will dry faster than if left in the dishes. Four or five days of hot sunning is sufficient for drying. To make into sauce, break the dried pulp in small pieces and cover well with cold water; boil until tender and sweeten to taste. Thicken with a little flour, stirred in cold water. If you desire to thin the juice you can sweeten with molasses by first boiling it almost to a candy in a separate dish and then adding to the plums. I can plums, grapes and crab apples in stone churns, filling them with boiling hot fruit and covering with a plate that will just fit in top of churn over fruit, and seal with sealing wax. They keep perfectly. If you have no plate that will fit your churn, you can exchange with a neighbor for a time, for we all have good neighbors, if any at all.

The following is the way I make wild crabapple preserves and jelly: I cook the apples whole in enough water to cover them until tender. When done, drain the water off immediately and set to cool. You now push the cores out with a stick about the size of a small lead pencil without any point and cover again with clear water, and when boiling again, seal in jars or churning, and when ready to make preserves, this juice makes the neatest of jelly, and the preserves are all whole and much nicer than if made any other way, and if the grapes are canned they can then be used for sauce, pies, jelly or butter.

Pumpkin butter will keep better if canned in churning and be much nicer. After opening a jar or churning, keep a waxed paper over the butter to prevent mold from forming on top and smooth each time any is taken out. A Missouri sister,

MRS. LILLIAN LEMMOIN MOORE, Puritan P. O., Howell Co., Mo.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

In the June COMFORT Mrs. J. T. Farris asks for a pile remedy, and the following one has been successfully tried by many:

To three tablespoonsfuls of mutton tallow, add five cents' worth of nut gall; stir together thoroughly and use as a salve.

I read all your letters and enjoy them greatly. I have been married ten years and have two children, a boy and a girl. I am twenty-nine years old.

With love to all,

Mrs. H. E. HAMNER, Oberlin, R. R. 3, Box 17, Ohio.

DEAR EDITOR AND SISTERS:

Since my first letter was printed in the January COMFORT, I have had a great many letters of inquiry which I have answered the best I could; have also received many nice post cards and have made several good friends which I appreciate greatly. I am glad at all times to answer any questions about our country that I can, and I see in the May COMFORT a Mrs. Chester of Long Beach, who seems to think there is something wrong with my letter, and so, I am going to explain about a few things, but first say that I fail to see why, there being other readers of dear old COMFORT in California, should make any difference with my letter, as what I wrote can be proven by a visit to the ranch. I know she and I are only two of a great many.

In reply to Mrs. Chester's letter, will say that evidently she does not know that the Las Lomas ranch (the one I wrote about) is not the only one of several thousand acres here in Southern California. That three thousand people could be provided for from the profits of the place is absurd. In the first place the income from the ranch under the present management is about eight thousand dollars a year, which after paying expenses does not leave enough to feed many thousand people. As it is too evident that there are many things about California farm life that Mrs. Chester may hear, I will explain what we do not farm a place of that size the same as one acre or two. Perhaps if each acre were made to produce all it would, the income would be very much different. The principal crop raised is grain, and there are several hundred acres in vegetables and sugar beets. There is also an olive orchard of about three hundred acres from which one hundred and fifty tons of olives was gathered last winter. The place is one of the beauty spots of Orange Co., and a visit will repay anyone for the trouble, and also teach them many things.

I think it is best not to make remarks about what another writes unless one knows just what she is talking about. I was driving past Mrs. Chester's home today and can tell her one could scarcely expect to raise as much on each acre of a large place as they can on a single lot.

Since I wrote my first letter we have left the ranch and are now living in our own home at Long Beach, which is a pretty city, but I love the country best. This town is noted for its splendid schools. Long Beach also has two miles of sandy beach and the surf bathing is fine.

There are many more things to write about, but my letter is too long now, so will wish you all good night and that you may all visit our Sunny South land some day.

JENNIE L. GREENE, 436 E. 2nd Street, Long Beach, Cal.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

What a delightful corner our COMFORT has! It makes one happy to think that both sick and well can give a word of cheer to each other.

Can anyone tell me what cancelled stamps are used for? Would be pleased to pass on ten thousand or more, if by selling them a sick person could buy medicine, or have the comfort of the money when most needed.

For neuralgia or lumbago, try camphorated oil and turpentine, three parts oil, one part turpentine.

Do you know that hospitals are glad to get small parcels or jars, or old muslin?

I wonder if there is a "Sunshine" branch in every state in the Union? I belong to the "United Branch" of Brooklyn N. Y. We visit the sick and send cards to shut-ins. We own three wheel chairs and three pairs of crutches, and as soon as one gets well, we pass them along to another. Our dues are twelve cents a month, which allows us to buy fruit and flowers for the sick and on Christmas and Thanksgiving give some dinners for poor families.

I was glad to hear Clarence Bird did so well.

New York city is so large that one cannot tell its wonders; it must be seen to be appreciated, but the places described in COMFORT gives one the "Wand derlust" and makes me sorry that my pocketbook is flat, and that I must stay at home. Lovingly yours,

MRS. LIZZIE RAFTERY, 28 Lee Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I have been a reader of COMFORT for almost twenty years and this is the first time I have tried to enter your circle.

I feel so sorry for the poor shut-ins, as well as for the young people striving in the cities to make both ends meet.

I could get nice homes here for lots of girls who would like to live in the country and help some of the ranchers' wives with their work, and I am sure they would enjoy the fresh mountain air and beautiful scenery. There are no poor people here, and there are many excellent homes to be had for good boys and girls if they were here. If anyone wants to know about this, write me and inclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

I am going to ask a favor of you. We lost a dear baby last year, and as it is fifty miles to a churchyard cemetery, we decided to bury him at home as everyone has done in this neighborhood. I want to fix up a nice garden of beautiful flowers around my baby's grave, and I would like hardy perennials. I am hoping to have something blooming from early spring until late fall, and among them I would like lilacs, peonies and snowballs. I shall appreciate all I receive and consider them sent by friends and sisters, and will gladly return postage.

MRS. M. E. BOYCE, Big Sandy, Mont.

DEAR SISTERS:

Like Sister Wear, I believe a description of each sister's location, town or country, will afford interest to all.

My home is in a semi-arid region. This year we haven't had a rainfall all spring. My husband is irrigating and has been ever since he finished seeding.

We are sixty-five hundred feet above the sea. The distant mountains are always beautiful to me. We have thunder and lightning without rain, and at times beautiful rainbows spread across the mountains.

We raise grain and horses. I do very little outside the house, being a city reared woman and ignorant of farm-work.

When I arrived I was afraid of the animals, es-

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pecially of the cows. To my surprise I found they were afraid of me! My husband had been here "bathing" a long while before our marriage. One pony ran across the land, through a three wire fence and was found a couple of miles distant. One cow is afraid of me yet. The dog made friends first, and the chickens next, and finally the pony. I now ride her almost daily.

It seems wonderful to me for men to take land covered by sagebrush, trees and arroyos, fill in the latter and clear the former, and raise crops and make a home there; all the time doing his cooking, washing, mending, and everything. No near human companions. Surely the homesteaders earn the land and moreover leave their mark in the world. They haven't led useless lives.

Being used to buy all the necessities of life in the large cities where I lived as a bachelor maid, I have much to learn of my new life. Bread making has been most difficult. I am indebted to a recipe signed "Mrs. Little Clark" and another unsigned, cut from COMFORT for the most successful bread I have made.

I miss my church most of all. We have preaching semi-monthly in the schoolhouse, and all denominations attend.

I have fine neighbors. We have a club called the Pioneers, and we meet twice monthly, taking turns alphabetically at entertaining. We think a great deal of our club; but for it we would see our neighbors but seldom, as we are busy women; our homes are far apart and the roads are just trails. Our club divides its meetings into two parts, a business session and then sociability. At the latter we do sewing or fancy work. At the former we lay out our work plans. We have bought an organ and placed it in the schoolhouse, which is a help at church and Sunday school, day school and entertainments. We have started a circulating library, placing nineteen volumes in the school. The teacher acts as librarian during the school term. The "Pioneers" are working for good roads and for rural free delivery. We are very ambitious.

We all ride astride, carry almost anything on horseback from the stores, and P. O. riders range for cattle, etc. At our P. O. is an Indian agency. A squaw carrying a papoose in a frame on her back, is very picturesque, and seems to me far safer than carrying baby in arms as one equestrian does.

Sister Wear. Have you made a trip on the Dismal Canal?

I am a descendant of one of the F. F. V.'s (First Families of Virginia) and visited Virginia in 1900. The first Confederate flag raised was in the home of one of my family, who gave prominent service throughout the sad Civil War.

Any sister caring to donate a book or books for our Pioneer Library may send the same to me and we will be grateful. Life contains only hardships for many here and we hope the books may be helpful to such; especially to the school children.

Any recipes for preparing vegetables, preserves, jellies and pickles, making bread, cookies and inexpensive things will be appreciated by myself, an inexperienced bride. Cake and fancy pastry recipes I do not care for. A recipe shower September 1st next will be welcome.

With gratitude for past helpful hints I am, with best wishes for Uncle Charlie and all, Your sister,

Mrs. A. G. SCHILLER, Ignacio, La Plata Co., Colo.

Mrs. Schiller. What particularly attracts me about your letter is its uplifting tone, your appreciation of the efforts and successes of others, your love for home and your fine adaptability. May your ambitions be fulfilled. I am greatly interested in your Pioneers' club and for what it stands. Many good wishes will go to you from the Sisters' Corner, and I have no doubt, volumes for your library.—ED.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

As I never saw a letter from this part of California I will write and tell you of this "City of little hills," Petaluma is called, situated thirty-six miles from San Francisco bay and is known as the greatest poultry center in the world.

There are chickens by the

AN UNWILLING BRIDE

Or, The Heart's Rebellion

By Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Captain Henry Rock, a man of ungovernable temper, after a wild life, with many adventures, returns to his old home Elmslea. At fifty he marries his cousin, Martha Morley, to whom he is betrothed many years before. He presents to his friends Dr. Dolor and wishes her niece, Amy Lane, to marry him. She marries Lieutenant Wales Brook against her uncle's wishes and he refuses to see her at Elmslea again. He invites his niece, Mrs. Lambert, and her daughter Elva to live with him. Mischief lurks in every movement and Elva will not try to cut Amy out. Her mother warns her she will spoil her fortune. Captain Rock resolves to keep a strict watch over Elva. Six months pass and Mrs. Rock receives a letter with a strange signature—Clemence Moore—Amy is very ill and Mrs. Rock hastens to see her. She is left a widow—her husband is killed in a duel. He leaves his wife with his sister by marriage. Wales Brook's father marries Clemence Moore's mother. Amy and Clemence return to England. Mrs. Rock promises a better home for Amy. Going home she finds her husband in a rage, and he refuses to assist Amy. If this scene is ever repeated she declares her intention to separate. She provides for Amy and settles an annuity upon her. The Captain's reform makes life at Elmslea more comfortable.

A little girl is born to Amy Brook; she is named Isa. In the absence of Captain and Mrs. Rock Elva has Tom the "odd" boy load up the cart with the furnishings of Amy's room and drive to Beach Cottage. She meets her cousin, Augustus Simmons, and Tom goes back with his horse. Clemence meets them as they drive up. Amy is pleased. After dinner Gusty proposes they go home. Elva wants the worth of a scolding and refuses to go. Clemence meets Elva's eyes and experiences an unpleasant sensation. Elva insists upon seeing the baby's clothes and the chamber furnishings and then they ride home. The house is locked and dark. Mrs. Rock cautiously opens the door. The captain is frightened angry. Elva is sentenced to a month's imprisonment, which is commuted to one day, and Gusty is sent to sea. The affection between the youth of sixteen and the girl of five gives Captain Rock uneasiness.

Five years later Clemence Moore, standing in front of Beach Cottage, is startled by the appearance of a young woman, head bare and feet bare and bleeding. Clemence tries to get the poor creature to go in. She will not, and begs Clemence not to weep for her but herself and implores her never to love Amy. Amy recognizes in her old schoolmate Nanny Larcomb, the bride of Lemuel Norris. Her father and husband are murdered and her home burned before her eyes, and reason flees. Nanny is released from an asylum and becomes the care of her cousin, Ernest Brent, lately returned from Germany. Miss Peggy Long, the village post-mistress arrives, and gives them the news of the month. That night the old mansion is burned. Elva rescues her uncle. Nothing is saved. Elva suffers a long and serious illness. The physician recommends a change of air and they all go to Scotland. A tournament is held and Elva dressed in silver armor, in the guise of Prince Ariel, from the Court of Fairy, is victor of the day. She reveals her identity when she unmasks. Her uncle is furious and threatens to marry her to Dolor. Her mother objects—she is too young to marry. Captain Rock explains his plans to Dolor, to send her to a nunnery. Dolor cannot consent to lose her society. The tournament ends with a masked ball. Elva escapes the vigilance of her uncle and attends. Her uncle makes arrangements to put her in a nunnery. She begs of her mother not to fret. She will be back in a week. Elva enters the nunnery and admits her first hours are happy. She smuggles a full dress uniform of Gusty's to the sleeping apartment. Putting it on with the gold lace cap, she goes to the bed of Sister Mary, and bending over kisses her. Waking suddenly she sees the little midshipman and giving one shriek arouses all. Elva glides back to her bed and feigns sleep. Sister Ignatia scolds vigorously and declares Sister Mary is dreaming, and orders the girls back to their beds. Waiting until all is quiet Elva goes to the bed of Sister Ignatia and kisses her. The uproar produced brings the Mother Superior, who demands an explanation. Sister Ignatia declares there is a man in the room and a thorough search is made and no proof found. The next morning Elva's suit is discovered and she is summoned to the dormitory. She returns home in disgrace. Her uncle is determined she marry Dolor at Christmas. After repeated protests Elva consents and pledges her word to marry him. Gusty unexpectedly returns and Elva falls in a faint. He leaves without a good by. The wedding takes place, and Elva requests Dolor to leave her presence. Ernest Brent returns to his grandfather, Barnabas Brent, a miser and Nanny Norris, his cousin. Ernest meets Clemence Moore and for the first time he hails the approaching Sabbath with joy. He offers her his hand in marriage.

CHAPTER XXIV.

SINCE the morning of her ill-starred marriage the bridegroom saw with dismay that his bride was slowly fading, vanishing from his sight. The physicians prescribed "change of air—pleasant company—cheerful amusement, etc." Elva said she would go—anywhere, if only her aunt and Clemence would go with her—she wanted Clemence.

Mrs. Rock readily consented and also to try to induce Clemence to make one of their party.

The proposition took the young lady by surprise; Clemence begged a day to consider it.

The truth was, that Clemence wished to see and consult her betrothed before consenting to leave home for what seemed to her to be so long a journey.

And that very afternoon, she had a most pressing errand to the village.

There was no certainty that she should see Ernest; still she hoped to do so. He overtook her a short distance from the village, on her road home. Their meeting was a joyful one.

Clemence spoke first.

"Dear Ernest, I have something to propose to you, Elva's physicians recommend change of air and scene, and her friends have decided to take her to London for the season. She has set her heart upon having me go with her. I dread to leave you. If you are likely to miss me one half as much as I have missed you these last three weeks, I will not leave you at all."

He put his hand out and took hers, and pressed it.

"My dearest Clemence," he said, "if we are going to remain in this neighborhood this year, no consideration, I fear, would induce me to consent to part with you."

"You—you are not going away?"

"Yes. A duty too imperative to be denied, summons me."

She kept her eyes fixed on his face in painful anxiety.

"I will explain. You have heard that after my father's death my mother married a second time?"

"No—I never heard of it."

"She did, however—her second husband was an East-India merchant. She lived with him seven years, and then died, leaving him one child, a boy six years of age. After my mother's death, my stepfather returned to India, taking with him my half-brother, and leaving me with my grandfather; and all communication gradually ceased between us. Within this week, however, I have received letters from Calcutta, informing me of the death of my stepfather, and the destitution of my half-brother, now a lad of twelve years of age. What! tears, my Clemence. But say the word, and I will not leave you. I will send money over to the lad instead."

"No, no! Go for the poor lad, and never leave him or suffer him to leave you. I know what orphanage in childhood is, and so must you. Bring the boy home. And if he lives with you, I will do all I can to supply his mother's place."

Ernest smiled ruefully, and then sighed.

"When do you set out on your long voyage?"

"I shrink from appointing the time of going, as a criminal might shrink from giving the signal for his own execution."

"Then let some other agent do it," said Clemence, smiling at his earnestness. Then she added

"—I shall go to London with Elva. I shall go

with more satisfaction, if I know that you set out the same day for your journey."

"Never doubt but that if you go to London, I shall take it in my way. What should hinder me from joining your party and traveling with you?" he asked, eagerly.

A smile of joy illumined Clemence's face. "Truly," she answered, after a short pause, "I see no objection to that plan. And, oh! Ernest," she said, "do you know what comfort—what rest and contentment I feel in your presence, when I can have that rightly?"

"My own dear Clemence! Now then, dearest, I shall consider it settled that I am to join your party to London. I shall call at Beach Cottage and see Mrs. Rock, inform her of my destination, and ask her permission to accompany her. By the way—when do you give your answer to that lady?"

"I shall ride over to the hall tomorrow morning for that purpose."

"Very well, dearest. In that case I will also appoint the morning as my time of calling, so that I may have the joy of meeting you there."

That evening Clemence announced to Amy her decision to accompany Elva to London.

Amy approved of the plan.

The next morning, Clemence left the house to go to Upton Hall, where, besides the family, she found Ernest already awaiting her.

Ernest was seated by Elva, endeavoring, by his wit and humor to charm away her sadness. Flit, fleeting smiles grew brighter and more frequent as she noticed the surly anxiety they gave to Dr. Dolor, who sat, like the dog in the manger, watching Ernest sunning himself in the light of eyes that never by any chance shone upon him, their rightful owner.

Petitions, expostulations, prayers, threats, had been all in vain to procure one smile, one word, one glance of compliance or forgiveness. And now the inconceivable tortures of jealousy were about to be added to his other torments, for this man, now basking in the sunshine of her smiles, was the all-praised Adonis who had won her maiden admiration months ago.

But Ernest soon put an end to his sufferings—not in consideration of his feelings, but because the young gentleman could not afford to lose or risk the chance of making one of the party which was to number Clemence among its members. Therefore, with a light smile and careless bow, he left the side of Elva and crossed over to Mrs. Rock, with whom, also, he entered into a gay and bantering conversation, in the course of which Mrs. Rock mentioned to him their purpose of going to London for a month or two.

It was then that Ernest informed her of his own contemplated journey and voyage, and of his intention soon to leave for London.

"And when do you leave here?" asked Mrs. Rock.

"I thought of starting on Wednesday morning."

"The very day that we shall set out—why can't we travel in company?" asked Mrs. Rock, soothily.

"I should be charmed indeed—delighted, if Mrs. Rock will permit my attendance."

"Why, my dear Ernest, to be sure I will—but don't waste fine speeches on your uncle's old wife. How do you travel?"

"By the 9:45 express, I suppose."

"By the road!" exclaimed Ernest, in great astonishment.

"Yes Elva wants a change in her manner of traveling. And we must indulge her," said Mrs. Rock, in a low tone.

"Then you go by the stage-coach?" said Ernest.

"Oh no. We go in our own traveling-carriage, stopping at all the out-of-the-way towns and old-fashioned public-houses; for it is poor Elva's fancy to go over the same ground, in the same manner, as the folks of fifty years ago went."

"What a strange fancy!"

"Yes; but we must humor it, poor child! If I were obliged to do one or the other, I would walk to London sooner than go by train," said this rustic lady.

"Well, for a new experience, a fresh sensation, it may be pleasant."

"Of course it will; and if you feel inclined to join such a gypsy-like expedition, why the more the merrier."

"I thank you very much and I accept your offer, with pleasure, if I shall not inconvenience you."

"Oh, dear no—not at all—besides, my Hebe will need an escort to show her anything interesting at the places where we may stop on the road."

Ernest turned and bowed to Clemence, and exchanged in courtly terms the honor she would confer, and the pleasure she would give, in permitting him to serve her.

Clemence blushed and smiled, and expressing her thanks, accepted his offered escort.

CHAPTER XXV.

It was a clear, cold, sharp, invigorating winter morning. The snow was crusted over with hoar frost, and the bare trees were hung with icicles. The approaching sun had scarcely as yet reddened the eastern horizon, or flushed the snow, when at Upton our travelers assembled in the dining-room, to partake of their last meal previous to setting forth.

Captain Rock and Mrs. Lambert were also there to see the travelers off.

After the merry, hasty meal was over, Mrs. Rock, Elva and Dr. Dolor all entered the large family carriage, where they had every prospect of a comfortable mode of conveyance.

Old Bates, in his caped drab overcoat, and fur cap and gloves, sat upon the coachman's box with the proud air of a king upon his throne.

Ernest's brougham was furnished with two fine tiger-skins. And never was a happier man than he when he handed his smiling companion into the carriage, and seating himself beside her, tucked the tiger-skin carefully in, and waited the signal to move on.

Mrs. Rock's carriage led; and Ernest's brougham brought up the rear.

Never in all his life had Ernest felt so joyous! and he used the opportunity thus afforded him to press his suit for a private marriage. In vain! Clemence was firm.

"What you propose to me, may not be absolutely wrong, yet in a secret marriage there is an appearance of evil which I am unwilling that you or I should assume. I do not like a mystery. Be patient for a little while, and the time shall come when your will shall be the law of my life—when there'll be no wish your heart can form but shall govern all my actions."

"Ah! How do I know that? Who shall assure me of that? I am going far away—you will be left here. Life is changeable, and though I know the truth of my own heart, I know that I am bound to you forever and forever—how do I know yours—who shall assure me of its constancy?"

"I will," said Clemence, earnestly. "I will. Were I bound to you in marriage, as fast as Church and state could bind us, I could not be truer to you than I am now, and shall ever be. Take my hand in yours, and receive my oath of fealty—that henceforth, in my heart of hearts, I will consider you as my husband. Are you satisfied now?" she murmured softly, letting her face fall gently on his shoulder.

Swiftly passing his arm around her waist, he whispered, in tones scarcely audible from excess of feeling:

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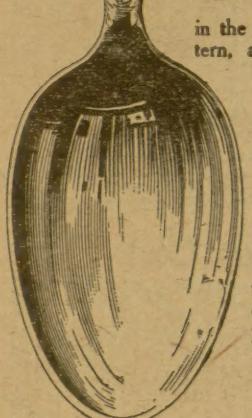
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Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

a hard article to get along without, but surely it is of more importance that we train our children in the way they should go and try to make home happy for them and their father, than it is to work ourselves out of patience trying to add a few dollars to the family income.

Well sisters, will some of you near my own age write me? Why is it we see fewer letters from sisters in their thirties than from those younger and older than that? Is it because our time of life is the busy, active time?

I will try and answer all letters if possible. Can tell you of different states I have lived in: Ala., Wls., Ill. and New Mex.

With loving wishes for the happiness of all,
Mrs. M. CARD, Fresno, R. R. 10, Box 39 B., Cal.

DEAR EDITOR AND SISTERS:

It has been four years since my letter appeared in COMFORT and I can't keep silent any longer. It is useless to try to tell how much I like COMFORT. I have been a subscriber seven years and expect to be for seventy if I should live as long.

The work COMFORT is doing for the shut-ins is simply great and I don't think there is any other paper doing one fourth the good, and the sisters were quite successful in getting a chair for Mrs. Mallory. Why not select the next most needy shut-in and win another and continue that way? I did not help Mrs. M. because I was sick. I could help next time and there may be many sisters in similar circumstances. I intend to send in a birthday subscription, and want Uncle Charlie's poems very much, but feel I would be stealing to send in a club for them when so many suffering ones need wheel chairs.

I agree with all the sisters who say women should vote, and the time is not far away when we shall and the woman who is interested now and studies politics will be more ready and capable to vote when that time comes. It is quite necessary to take some interest in politics any way, to talk intelligently with our husbands and instruct our sons. Of course woman has a great influence there and the vote.

Then the working woman will get as good wages as the man who does the same work, for she will be of voting value. As for its taking so much time for women to vote; she need not put in the day as some men do, it will only take them a few minutes, probably less time than it takes her to go shopping.

Women do not want man's place as I have heard some say, but they are his equal and as such want equal rights. I heard a man from New Zealand speak, who said the women had done so much good there (if I tried to tell you of all the good here, Billie would be sure to eat this letter). He said no man would take the vote from woman if he could.

I was reared in McCulloch Co., Texas, have lived in Oregon and our first winter at Roseburg was just as Mrs. Clarke expressed it—we were simply delighted, but since living in California, I never want to live anywhere else. I know some of the sisters don't like California, but it would not do for all of us to want to live in the same place. So I say let each one live in the place they like best. I have one of the best husbands in the world and three dear little children, two boys and one girl. I find the boys hard to manage and am very much interested in the talks on rearing children.

Tea made from blackberry roots is fine for diarrhoea. To prevent a child from having spasms put its feet in hot water and its head in cold.

In washing towels or clothes that have become very dingy, boil in water with good soap and the juice of a lemon.

Sugar will not form on grape jelly if you add a few apples to the grapes when cooking.

To make strawberry jelly, mix berries with apples or add a tablespoonful of pure cider vinegar to a quart of berry juice.

For ants, cockroaches, bed bugs, etc., boiling alum water is an exterminator.

I wish all COMFORT's staff much good luck and happiness; also the sisters, especially the afflicted ones. Would be glad to hear from some of the sisters. I am a lady barber and if there is another sister who is I'd be glad to hear from her. I have made several good friends through COMFORT.

Mrs. J. R. ROBBINS, Ripon, Cal.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

Is there room for another Californian? I am a native born and have never been out of the state. We have traveled by wagon from Los Angeles Co. to Shasta Co., so we know much of our state personally and decided we liked Porterville for our home.

There are other parts of the state we like better, but find a better show here to get ahead.

Mrs. Wear suggests we describe our locality instead of ourselves, and I give the following:

Porterville is a thriving little "dry" town of about twenty-five hundred inhabitants, situated in San Joaquin valley near the foothills of the Sierras. It is quite a citrus center. Oranges ripen here in time for the holidays. Deciduous fruits do well, and Alfalfa and dairying is quite an item. To anyone interested I will try to send more information.

Eastern people please remember that California is a long state, and we have about every climate, soil and

vegetation of the world here, from a desert to a fertile valley and from perpetual snow to tropical flowers. There is some spot here to suit everyone.

Did any of you ever try tying layer of cotton batting, or absorbent cotton over pickles, jam, preserves, etc.? I opened a can sealed that way six months ago and they kept fine.

I am interested in the shut-ins and wish I could help them all.

Elizabeth Twomey says: "When you cannot get out of your conditions you may be sure the spirit of love which is you wants you to stay right there and create good things out of the chaos you find about you."

There is something in each one of us that do to help humanity. Those poor souls who are helpless can help with their thoughts. We need great minds to solve the problems that face humanity and thoughts are things, even if they are never spoken, they are sent out in the stream of life and some "fisherman" who is searching for the truth will catch the idea, and be ready to work out the results of our thinking. So dear shut-ins what an opportunity you have.

Mrs. Townsley, I like your letter. Also Mrs. Colvin and Mrs. Nevinger, too.

I will close by giving you our letter writing code. \$ means smile; \$\$ a grin; \$\$\$ a laugh; per cent a frown (but we don't use per cent, much \$\$.)

A long life to COMFORT from an ardent admirer,

ALICE NEWMAN, Porterville, Cal.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I wish to drop a line to thank the many friends for post cards, letters and papers. I have answered all letters and postals.

An unknown cow boy died here June 30, 1910. He had light curly hair, blue eyes, red face, was medium height, weight one hundred and seventy pounds, thirty-two years old. Claimed to have come from Springfield, Mo., also South Dakota. Said he had trouble with his parents. With best wishes to all,

Mrs. Ida CASE, Upton, Box 106, Wyo.

DEAR SISTERS:

Can any of you living in North Carolina give me the names of the assessors and tax collector for Richmon Co.? We own seventy-three acres of land, three miles from Hamlet, Richmon Co., and do not know to whom we should send our taxes as they never send us a tax card. I have written to several for information, even sent registered letter (to know it was received.) If any one knows who hold those offices for 1910 will write me, I will gladly and thankfully return to them the postage.

Mrs. WM. H. PETERSON, South River, Box 74, N. J.

My First Letter to Comfort

COMFORT sisters far and near
Draw up your chairs that you may hear
This little rhyme on household lore
From the pen of Bertha Moore.

COMFORT sisters everywhere
No closet in your bedroom there?
Suppose you have a wooden bed
With solid, high old-fashioned head.

COMFORT sisters one and all
Leave bed a little space from wall;
Put hooks on back of headboard where
You'll find you have a closet there.

COMFORT sisters who are fat
Or do any of you own up to that?
I'd be so glad if you could send
A remedy this fault to mend.

COMFORT sisters please take note
All of you who wish to vote.
Did you ever think how this is
When the ballots goes to Mrs.?

COMFORT sisters don't you know
The men that's lined up in a row,
To vote for saloons on election day,
Have wives that will vote the same way?

COMFORT sisters of the North
Your letters plainly prove your worth
The winter through you tend the brood
While your men work in the wood.

COMFORT sisters of the East
Come, invite us to your feast!
Our appetites would scandalize Us,
Us, not your lascious pumpkin pies.

COMFORT sisters of the South
What can I say by word of mouth
To add one atom to the glory
Of your grace and beauty famed in story?

COMFORT's sisters of the West
Your blessings too are manifest,
The room and freedom of the plains
And waving fields of golden grain.

COMFORT's Gannett, Wilkinson,
Uncle Charlie, and every one
Of dear old COMFORT's band of pals
Accept a reader's kind regards.

COMFORT's family, one and all,
Man or woman, great or small,
I'll be glad to hear from you,
Will answer everyone that's true.

BERTHA MAX MOORE, Carrollton, Ill.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

Will you let me join your circle? I have read COMFORT for a long time, but this is my first attempt at a letter to you. Needless to say I enjoy the corner and Uncle Charlie's columns more than any other part of the paper.

I see no letters from the good old Buckeye state—the mother of Presidents. I was born here at Marietta, The Pioneer City, twenty-five years ago and have lived here all my life. Marietta is a beautiful city of seventeen thousand people, situated between two rivers, the Muskingum and Ohio. We have few industries but we are noted for our clean, wide, shady streets and beautifully kept lawns. We also have the famous Marietta College. President Taft was recently here attending the seventy-fifth Jubilee Anniversary of the college.

Now for myself. I am married, my husband being an oil well driller. His work keeps him from home most of the time, only coming once in two or three months.

Mother makes her home with me so I never get lonely. I have a little girl four and one half years old and she is as active as can be.

Mrs. Hawkins and Mrs. Jimigan, I would like to shake hands with you for your defence of the factory girl. I too, worked in a factory where men's garments, shirts, overalls, jumpers and trousers were made.

Mother and I were left to support ourselves when I (the only child) was six years of age. At sixteen I went into the factory and remained until I was married, at the age of twenty. My factory life is a pleasant memory. Our foreman was a good Christian gentleman, who did everything for our comfort and welfare. Our girls were mostly from the middle class of people and were as good and clean a lot as were to be found anywhere. Most all have married good, respectable, industrious men and have made good, honorable wives.

Would be pleased to hear from any of the sisters, and with best wishes to all, I am

MRS. NEVA LUKENS, Marietta, Ohio.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

As I have never read a letter in COMFORT from this part of our state, I write to tell you that Larkins is a small station on the F. E. C. Ry., ten miles south of Miami.

No doubt some of you have visited Miami, as it is a noted winter resort, and hundreds of tourists visit there each season.

We have all the kinds of fruit that grow in a tropical climate, and all kinds of vegetables. This is a great trucking country as we make two crops each year; one in the spring and one in fall and winter.

The fall crop is made on the pine land and the spring crop is made on the glade land.

We have an unmatchable climate. In summer, delightful breezes blow from Biscayne Bay, and in winter, seldom any cold weather. Of course the cool days come, but only for a day or two as we are so near the Gulf stream. We had two frosts last winter, but it did not kill the tenderest buds.

Except for about two months during the summer we have fruit and vegetables the year through. We have lived here five years and have two and one half acres of grape fruit trees, one of orange trees and about one of tropical fruits. Everything grows very rapidly if given any attention and fertilizer. There are a great many rocks, and one wonders how things grow so rapidly.

I enjoy reading your letters, also the stories; in fact every department is interesting.

I think the childless homes are to be pitied. I have been married nearly eight years. Have two little girls, one six and the other four years old. I also have one of the best Johns.

I would like to hear from any of the sisters interested in flowers. We have beautiful ones here and a geranium grows to a large bush out of doors.

Mrs. J. P. DOWLING, Larkins, Dade Co., Fla.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I write you in behalf of Mrs. L. D. Wadkin, Tilton, Ga., seventy-five years old, a shut-in for ten years; cannot walk a step without crutches. Her husband was in the Union army, also was a Master Mason; he is dead, also her children, and all her people, and she is very lonely. She is a great lover of COMFORT, a paper she has taken a number of years. Will some of the sisters kindly remember her with silk or satin pieces; also pieced quilt blocks?

MISS LEAH TOWNSEND, Tilton, Ga.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

As I have been silent for eight long years may I come in sod chat a little while now?

I live in sunny Colorado where women vote and I don't see any harm in it. I believe in Women's Rights.

Now I want to say a few words about factories and what would like to ask Sister Brothers who the whole world would do if girls were kept out of the factories? I was a factory girl, born and reared in the little state of Rhode Island. Where thousands of girls are employed in factories. I have a girl five years old and a boy seven, and if they were grown I would not be ashamed to have them work in a factory. Many people have wrong ideas of such places. One drawback here is the very few places for girls to work. There are a great many working in the stores, but they only get from three to six dollars a week, and will you tell me how a girl can pay her board and clothe herself on that amount of money? I want to tell you dear sisters if there were more factories in the West where a girl could earn good wages there would not be so many girls living a life of shame.

I hope I will be made welcome and I do wish more of the Eastern sisters would write on this subject and not have our girls that work in factories kept down.

This is a beautiful city and one could not find a better climate to live in.

I would be pleased to hear from any of the sisters and would like a letter shower on my birthday, September 25th.

With best wishes to COMFORT and love to the shut-ins, I remain,

MRS. O. I. NESER, 185 Munroe St., Denver, Colo.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

Although this is the 26th day of the month I have just found time this afternoon to read the Sisters' Corner of dear old COMFORT. And it is in truth a comfort to me. In this paper I find many letters from women who advocate Women's Rights. We live in Colorado and I hope to cast my first vote this fall. N. B. but I am old enough, but we have lived in Missouri till last October, when we moved to this country. We do not stay here as well as in Missouri, but I want to stay long enough to cast my vote in protest of our present system of government.

Mrs. Edna Nevergreen, Sheridan, Wyo. I wish to greet you all "Comrades." You will understand. I also do not believe in wives or daughters voting as the male members in the family. I was a staunch Republican when I married and my husband a Socialist, and many and long were the arguments we had until I began to read and investigate his theory. It wasn't hard for me to see where I wished to be counted then. Since then it has been my greatest ambition to help some puzzled mind to a clearer understanding of the coming issue of the day, to quote President Taft.

You sisters who are temperance workers, did you ever think of the incentive the saloon keeper has to see gallons of liquor consumed? I say, let whiskey be manufactured as it is today; but let it be very pure, and made by the government and sold the same as a two cent postage stamp; by one who has no interest in its sale. And let the clerk receive a bonus for every soft drink he sells in majority of the alcoholic drinks. Many a young man is led to drink by some

An Unwilling Bride Or, The Heart's Rebellion

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6)

"I thought this subject was closed between us until it could be opened under happier auspices."

"But I re-open it under a new aspect. This evening, at five o'clock, I leave here in the night-train for Liverpool. I stay with you till the latest moment, Clemence. At eleven o'clock give me your hand in marriage, and I leave you from the altar. It is but sealing, legalising the betrothal already passed between us. What difference, now, if you are in earnest, can it make to you?"

Clemence did not reply; her hand was trembling in his clasp, and her eyes had drooped beneath his gaze.

"If you love me, as I know you do, if you are sincere in your wish to be mine—if you are marriage, as I am sure you are why object to this marriage ceremony now passing between us, since it will be but a more solemn and binding mode of betrothal, and we can wait as before?" he said, and when his tongue ceased to plead, his eyes took up the burden of the prayer.

Never in her life had Clemence been so profoundly agitated with conflicting emotions. He saw his advantage, and pursued it.

"You yourself acknowledged, that as you were of legal age, and had neither parents, guardians, nor patrons to whom you owed observance, your giving yourself to me in marriage would transgress no law of God or man, nor wrong one human creature. Did you not, now?"

"Yes," she said, in a tremulous voice, "but I said, at the same time, that though our secret marriage did break no law, human or divine, nor wrong any fellow-being, yet it would not be right, because it might expose us to misconception and slander that would give much pain, not only to us, but to those who love and respect us, and whom we also equally esteem."

"Yes, but don't you perceive that in the case I now present your last objection is quite obviated? Our private marriage cannot expose you to any evil construction, since immediately after the ceremony I depart—but with the blessed certainty that you are mine—mine forever—my own dearest wife, of whom no vicissitudes, no misfortunes, no calamity short of death itself, can ever deprive me. Would not the thought that we were bound together forever by the love-liest and holiest bond—that you were mine and I yours forever—would it not make the hour of parting and the months of absence less painful?"

Her face was hidden on his shoulder—her form was trembling very much. She did not, or could not reply, and he proceeded:

"Say, darling girl! You do love me, I know you do scarcely less than I love you—tell me—would not the thought that I was your husband, with a right to yourself that no power could contest, and that you were my own adored wife—would it not sweeten even the days of absence?"

"It would, it would," she whispered, in a low and thrilling voice; "I have no dearer wish than to be yours only—yours entirely and forever."

"Then why not give me the great joy, and yourself the sweet content of knowing that we belong to each other? Love! love! it is my parting prayer—do not reject it! for Clemence, how know you but it may be my last one? There are—remember!—such events in life as illness, storms, fires, shipwrecks. Those who go to sea may never return again—those who part may never meet. And were you destined never to see my living face again, how bitter would be the thought that you had refused my last prayer!"

"Oh! Ernest, you will return in safety."

"Heaven grant it! Will you let me have the comfort of thinking of you, of looking forward to returning to you—as my wife? For then, I shall be free to publish our marriage, and proud to claim you as my own."

Clemence lifted up her head an instant, and placed both her hands in his, and then dropped her face upon his shoulder again.

"And this is your answer? Ten thousand blessings on you for it, my own dear bride! Bless, bless you!" he said, dropping his face caressingly upon her head. "Oh, God! love and bless my Clemence forever! and banish me from Your Heaven eternally, if ever I cause her one sigh or tear!" he exclaimed, in all the fervor and earnestness of a passion as strong and sincere as it was (unconsciously) selfish and exacting.

And so, in the overflowing of his gratitude and joy, he continued to talk to her, while the time slipped unheeded by, until the people commenced straying into the reading-room. Then he arose.

"My dearest love, I have been bewitched. How late it is! and we have so much to accomplish before noon. Come, I must take a carriage and go to Doctors' Commons. You must go with me, dear Clemence; I cannot lose sight of you today—our last day!"

And carefully arranging her wrap, he drew her arm within his own, and conducted her from the reading-room and down-stairs into the street.

Ernest gave orders to be driven immediately to Doctor's Commons. Leaving Clemence in the carriage, he went in and procured the license, and hastened back to his expectant bride.

He directed the coachman to drive to Highgate, and there, in the remotest and quietest suburb of London, he hunted up a pastor of a small Wesleyan society, in whose little chapel Clemence and Ernest were married.

From the humble chapel he led her to the fly, and gave orders to be driven back to Russell square, where they arrived just before the ringing of the dinner-bell.

Clemence went to her room to take off her hat and arrange her hair for dinner. Mrs. Rock had already left the apartment, and Clemence was glad for once to find it empty, that she might kneel down beside her bed and pour forth the fullness of her heart in thanksgiving and prayer—thanking God for the deep joy that was filling and overflowing her soul, and praying His blessing on her husband—her husband and his voyage.

Then she arose, and went mechanically through her simple toilet, and passed down-stairs to the dining-room, where the family was already assembled at the table.

Ernest was awaiting her near the entrance. He led her to her seat by Mrs. Rock, and then went to his own.

It was nearly six o'clock when the guests left the dining-room. Mrs. Rock went up to her room to take her afternoon nap. Elva went up to her to lie down and rest before dressing to go to the theater. Dr. Dolor strayed into the reading-room to sulk over the newspapers.

Ernest and Clemence found an opportunity to be alone in the drawing-room for the few moments preceding his departure. In those last moments she could not find it in her heart to withhold one word that would give him hope and confidence in departing. And so, when he drew her gently and tenderly to his bosom, and whispered:

"You have made me the happiest and most grateful man on earth, my dear, lovely wife! but are you satisfied? do I leave you at ease?"

She spoke the very truth, when she confessed to him—her head being on his shoulder:

"More than satisfied, Ernest. I am inexplicably happy now. Yes, though you are going away; for see—the pain of parting for a few months is lost in the joy of knowing that we are united, though separated—and in anticipating the time not long hence, when we shall meet again. God bless you, Ernest!"

"God forever bless and love you, sweet wife!"

And so they parted.

Clemence had said she was "inexpressibly happy." And so she was, as long as his arms were around her, and words of mutual endearment, hope, and promise were breathed between them. But when he was really gone Clemence went to her own room, and gave way to a breaking up of the parting cloud of sorrow that naturally overshadowed the hour after parting. And when this shower was over, the sun shone out again in her bright nature—and all was love, and hope, and joy in her buoyant heart.

So that when the summons to tea aroused Mrs. Rock from her deep sleep, not a trace of sorrow shaded Clemence's sunny brow.

"Yaw-w!" gaped the old woman, only half awake. "I'm getting tired of this worthless life. I don't believe it is doing Elva the least good. I've a great mind to propose going home. What do you think about it, Hebe?—I don't believe she hears a word I say—Hebe!"

"Ma'am!" exclaimed Clemence, starting out of her reverie, and blushing deeply.

"What do you say to our going home next week?"

"I shall be very glad to go, Mrs. Rock."

"Well, child, I'll name it to the professor, and I think we'll go," said Mrs. Rock, rising and preparing to make her plain evening toilet.

In a happy dream Clemence helped her to finish dressing, and went down with her to the drawing-room. But there, as Clemence was very much admired, and her company and conversation very much sought, her blissful reverie was so dispersed that she longed for the hour of withdrawal, that she might escape to her room, and there, with the visible world shut out, live her inner life.

Ten o'clock, Mrs. Rock's bedtime, came at last, and the lady, with Clemence, retired to their apartment.

Good Mrs. Rock was soon asleep. And Clemence sought her pillow, to close her eyes and think of her happiness, and dream her beautiful dream in peace.

"He is my husband," she murmured softly, smiling to herself. "It is no dream from which I shall awake—it is the blessed, blessed reality. And oh! Ernest! I will be such a treasure to you. You will think there is no other woman like your wife in the world," she murmured over many times, like the refrain of some sweet melody, "I am his wife—thank God! I ask no happier earthly fate!" And thus she lay, with the holy smile of love half parting the fresh and dewy lips, half raising the snowy eyelids from the melting dreamy eyes, in beautiful visions warm as earthborn passion, yet pure as Heaven's love.

The next morning Mrs. Rock broached the subject of returning home to Dr. Dolor. But when the plan was named to Elva, she put her instant veto upon it.

"Those might go who liked to Elmslea! She didn't—and she should stay where she was!" She put no constraint upon anyone's actions, nor would she suffer any constraint upon hers! She should remain.

Grinding his teeth in bitter rage, he declared that it was all because that "puppy, Ernest Brent," was gone; and he grew more jealous than before.

Clemence was the only being from whom she would bear one word of expostulation, and Clemence, in her grave, sweet way, reasoned with her.

And it was Clemence who finally prevailed upon her to return home.

And so, about the middle of April, the party set out by road for their journey to Elmslea, and upon the evening of the second day reached Upton.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Clemence's return home was an ovation. On Sunday at church, after the morning service Major Oaks and his sister were especially kind and polite, and if she should be disengaged the next morning, his sister and he would call at Beach Cottage, to propose a plan for her consideration that required more time for thought and discussion than could be given to it just then at church.

On Monday morning the Major and Miss Oaks called, and the object of their visit was briefly this:

During Clemence's absence in the city, several of the principal ladies of the neighborhood had met to discuss the propriety of establishing in the village an academy for young girls. In that and in two subsequent meetings, the whole preliminaries had been arranged, the money subscribed, the site of the school chosen, the trustees elected, the teacher appointed and her very liberal salary fixed. And now Major Oaks and his sister had come as a committee to inform Clemence of her appointment, and to solicit her acceptance of the post.

It was with joy that Clemence assured them of the pleasure she felt in accepting the situation.

The Major and Miss Oaks seemed very much pleased by her prompt, frank, and joyous acceptance of the post, and arose to dep.

Clemence was pleased with the proof of confidence she had received, and the prospect of independence that it offered. Her school duties were expected to commence upon the first Monday in May.

Ten or twelve days only intervened before that day, and in the course of their passage, Clemence received two letters from Ernest written from the sea, and sent by a homeward-bound vessel. These letters were long and eloquent, filled with "thoughts that breathe, and words that burn" overflowing with devoted affection and ardent aspirations. She, in the new blindness of her idolatry, did not mind that they were subscribed in an assumed name—William Worth—to which address she was also requested to direct her answers.

The first Monday in May came, and Clemence repaired to the village to meet the trustees of her school, and to be inaugurated into her new office. Her schoolroom was new, well furnished, and in every respect very pleasant. Her pupils comprised twelve or fourteen young girls, who had already in the Sunday-school received the benefit of Clemence's instructions, and who were now prepared with loving reverence to accept her as their teacher.

And not the least among the generous girl's reasons for pleasure and gratitude, was the thought that her position would enable her to systematize the education of little Isa, while her work would afford her the means of adding many comforts to the home and daily life of Amy.

Clemence's school was soon brought into beautiful order, and her days now passed in serene happiness. The school under her charge prospered so greatly and increased so rapidly, that it soon became necessary to advertise for assistants, and she was advanced to the post of principal.

In the mean time she continued to receive letters from William Worth, who had reached Calcutta, and had seen his younger brother, and was then making arrangements for a speedy return to England.

Clemence had written a full account of the new academy for young girls, and her own appointment as its principal. It was of course very long before she received an answer, in which he expressed his regret that his Clemence should be called upon to labor—his grief that it was not in his power at once to relieve her, and with his unqualified approbation of any step she might have thought proper to take, as everything she did was necessarily certain to be right. The same letter conveyed to her the joyful news that he was just on the eve of embarkation for England, where he expected to arrive in a very few days after her receipt of his letter. It was Friday evening, on her way from school, that she received this letter, and from the moment of finishing its perusal, Clemence lived and moved in a happy dream. Her trance was unbroken until she reached home, where she found Mrs. Rock waiting for her.

"I have come over, Hebe, to invite you and Amy to a house-warming at Elmslea next Monday. I will take no refusal," said the good lady, cheerfully, as Clemence greeted her.

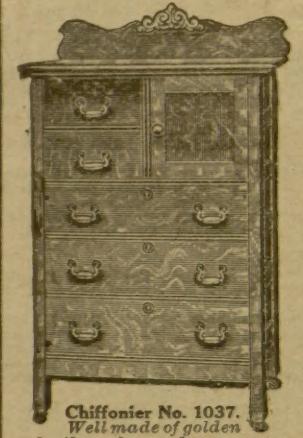
Elmslea was now completed. The family had been settled in their ancient home about a week, and were, according to custom, about to give a large party.

"Tell me about Elva," said Clemence, anxious, as she laid off her hat and sat down.

"Elva is with us. I shall do all I can to make the poor thing happy, even to the extent of trying to reconcile her to Dr. Dolor, though that will be a difficult and delicate matter, for

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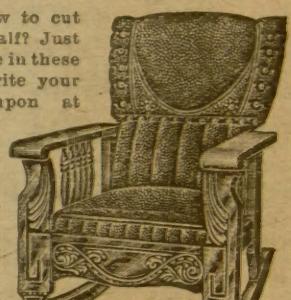
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16 in. size \$2.00. Larger sizes in proportion. Sent on 10 days approval. Or send 8 prepaid orders and get yours free. Add 10c to help pay cost of shipping. Free circular on ostrich and willow plumes.

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To protect the weak and aged.To be kind to dumb animals.
To love our country and protect its flag.

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HELLO, my honies! Are you ready for a nice visit? If so hop up on my lap, and I will hand you the usual lump of chin music. Just a note of warning to those of COMFORT's readers who have money to invest. Look out for the speciously worded advertisements that come to you through the mails, inviting you to put your little nest eggs into all sorts of schemes, schemes that on paper, promise enormous profits, but which will never bring you a dollar. Barnum said that a sucker was born every minute, and these fake promoters bait their hooks for the monied suckers, and get them too. Such fake promoters to my mind are among the biggest, blackest and worst criminals we have to deal with in this country. The men who concoct and mail these get-rich-quick circulars are simply after your money. No matter how good the thing looks, ignore it, for the bigger it promises, the more sure you may be that the thing is a fraud. Remember there is plenty of idle capital seeking investment in this country, and capitalists are always ready to put their money into any sound enterprise and they can distinguish the sound from the fraudulent, while the average person cannot. The fake promoter, and his lying circular will tell you he can get all the money he needs, but in order to advertise his enterprise and make as many friends for it as possible all over the country, he has decided from purely philanthropic and unselfish motives, to give you a chance to get in on the ground floor and get rich too. Then they tell that punky old yarn (they all do it, or most of them do) about the Bell Telephone. They tell you that if you had invested ten dollars in that invention you would be a millionaire today. They forget to tell you that those who were behind the Bell Telephone were honest, honorable men with a real invention, while they are frauds, who are trying to sell wind.

Take warning from the recent exposure of the United Wireless Telegraph Company which was raided and broken up by the federal authorities last month. The president and six other promoters of this company have just been arrested on indictments charging them with conspiracy to defraud the people by fraudulent use of the mails in the sale of the worthless stock of the company. The capital stock of this company is twenty millions on paper, and a large part of it was sold to the public at high prices, some of it as high as fifty dollars a share, it is claimed. It is reported that the government expert who investigated the complaints figures the actual value of this stock to be about two cents a share, so small that, of course, the innocent and unsuspecting people all over the country who were induced to buy it cannot expect ever to get back a cent of the hard-earned dollars they have put into it. The indictments charge a variety of false and fraudulent statements and representations to have been put out by this precious bunch, promoters and company officials who are reported to have pocketed a net profit of more than ten million dollars clear over and above all expenses of working the game.

Their circulars looked well and read well; the thing looked good and promised big profits as they put it up, and so they persuaded the people to give up their good money.

Beware of such circulars, such pretended investments, such get-rich-quick schemes.

I have known scores of people who have invested money in all sorts of these fake enterprises, and not one has ever got a dollar of his investment back, let alone a red cent in the way of a dividend. When a man has a mine, oil well or any other enterprise that is worth while, he can quickly interest capital, and it is not necessary for those who are behind the enterprise to divide up the profits with every Tom, Dick, Harry and Mary all over the country. As a rule the stock that is hawked about the country in this way is suspicious if not absolutely worthless.

Uncle Sam has been getting after some of these frauds, and it is my fervent hope that the whole bunch of stock-selling swindlers will be put behind the bars. People who only have a few hundreds of dollars, or a few thousand for that matter, should invest them in mortgages, or put them in saving's banks where they can get a sure four per cent, or invest them in local enterprises, that are under the guidance of local men they know, and whom they can trust. Don't send your money off to the big financial centers on the strength of flaming circulars, as it too often happens that it goes to clever, unscrupulous schemers, who use it to buy expensive automobiles, steam yachts, palatial country and town residences, and the balance of the money is spent on the upkeep of gorgeous suites of offices, carpeted with Persian rugs, which you have paid for with the pitiful dollars which you have earned by the sweat of your brow, and saved only by denial that has robbed you of nearly all the joy of living. If you could see the fake promoters spending your dollars on wine dinners, lobster suppers, diamonds, etc., for chorus girls, in little old New York, you would realize to what depths of villainy, these conscienceless purloiners of your hard-earned cash had sunk. You will ask, how shall we know the honest from the dishonest enterprise? Make inquiries. There are plenty of reliable financial journals that for a small fee will give you all the information you desire. Your state, county and municipal bonds are safe investments. If you want a little higher rate of interest than these pay there are plenty of good bonds issued by railroads and other public service and industrial companies of well-known standing and reliability that you can find out all about before you invest. There are reliable bond brokers in all the cities on whose advice it is pretty safe to purchase. The managers of your nearest savings bank can usually be relied on for advice in such matters. Never hand out your money until you have investigated a thing thoroughly. Sift the matter to the bottom. Be a Missourian, and insist on being shown. If the state and federal governments did their duty this fake company promoting could not go on. Every chartered enterprise in which the public is asked to invest should be investigated by the government, and the government report should be attached to the circular, which is sent out to advertise the stock. Only the absolute truth should be allowed to appear in the advertising matter of any corporation. As things are at present, the honest man who tells only the truth, is simply not in it with the liar, fakir, and fraud who can make the most extravagant promises which he never intends to fill. Thousands of homes have been ruined, hundreds of

men and women driven to suicide, and thousands of other poor souls forced to become public charges, through the machinations of the promoters of fake enterprises. Forewarn'd is forearmed. Be on your guard, and the next flamboyant circular that comes to you through the mail, destroy it or return it to the one who sent it to you and write across it: "Here is one sucker you can't catch."

Well, as I told you last month, this is your Uncle Charlie's birthday month. Billy the Goat and Maria have made a birthday cake which will be carved on September 25th. Those who would like slices of the greatest birthday cake the world has never seen, should write in at once while the supply lasts. As I explained last month, there is just one way that you can celebrate this notable occasion. Send in four one year subscriptions to COMFORT at twenty-five cents per year, and obtain a copy of Uncle Charlie's book of poems, the dandiest book of humorous verse ever placed on the market, far better than the most exciting story book, because it retains its freshness, interest and power to entertain forever and a day, while a story once read, loses nearly all its interest. This is the ideal gift book for Christmas or birthdays, and by the way don't forget it is only three months to Christmas. Better get busy now and earn the book, which is a handsome one and sixty page volume, beautifully printed and elegantly bound in ribbed lilac silk cloth (scarlet for those who prefer it.) Forty-eight magnificent copies of COMFORT, and this splendid volume of verse, which contains pictures of your Uncle Charlie dictating to Maria, a load that would tax a man's strength to carry, and all for one measly little dollar. The book costs you absolutely nothing but half an hour's pleasant work. Don't forget that this is unquestionably the best book of recitations in the world, and beats any reciter on the market. The long evenings are here, you need a book to paralyze the folks at entertainments and church socials. Here is the book. Work for it today.

Uncle Charlie's Song Book is the musical brother of Uncle Charlie's Poems. Uncle Charlie's Song Book, contains twenty-eight gems of mirth, melody and sentiment. Love, comic, patriotic, coon and sacred songs, and story ballads, are all in this unique volume, which is as big as a copy of COMFORT, and of course a great deal heavier. The songs are beautifully printed on the finest of paper, and the cover is a work of art in yellow and red. On the cover are four pictures of Uncle Charlie as a soldier, choir singer, matinee idol, and stage villain. This wonderful book can be obtained for a club of only two one year subscriptions to COMFORT. You get twenty-four copies of the best family magazine in the world and the dandiest song folio on earth, for the trifling sum of fifty cents. A club of six secures both books. You can celebrate my birthday by getting up a club for either or both of these splendid volumes, and you will get a slice of Billy the Goat's cake into the bargain. Won't you please get busy.

Every day brings letters from those who want to know how they can obtain wheel chairs. People seem to think we have millions of them, and all they have to do is to ask for one and get it. If you want to know how to obtain the chairs read the instructions printed in another column. People always think there is some roundabout, a side or back door by the aid of which they can slip in and obtain things for nothing. If you want these chairs for nothing you will get them, but you may have to wait ten years, before we reach your name on our shut-in list. I select the names of those who are to have the chairs, and I always give the chair to the one who has made some kind of an effort to earn it. We send a wheel chair the other day to a woman who had only sent in twenty subscriptions. That

was twenty more than almost anyone else had sent in, so I gave her the preference. If all the hundreds of invalids who have their names in our wheel-chair list, would get their friends to send in twenty or thirty subscriptions a month, their names would soon be reached on our list. At the present we are not giving more than twenty or twenty-five chairs away a year, an average of about two a month and every month

brings in from fifty to a hundred new applications for chairs. Somebody must earn these chairs. If the friends of the applicants won't make any effort to earn them, then they must wait until our readers do, and that may mean a wait of years. References must accompany all applications, or names will not be listed. Don't bother me with foolish questions. Butt in and earn a chair, that's the way to get one. We favor the one who works, not the one who dreams. God helps those who help themselves and so do we.

We have a new letter list containing several hundred names of those desiring correspondence. This list can be obtained of our grand secretary, and a list will be sent to all who join the League, along with their cards and buttons. Only about a quarter of those whose names are printed on the list have given their ages, so you can't tell whether you are writing to a six-year-old child or a sixty-year-old grandma. I advise those who get the list not to write to those whose ages are not given. People who are inviting correspondence without giving their ages are first-class idiots. Only about one per cent. of the people in the world ever think, and the one per cent. that thinks just squeezes the life out of the ninety-nine per cent. that won't think. Buck up and think. It is not necessary because you eat eggs to have a hen brain.

Now for those letters.

21 E. Water St., WINCHESTER, VA.
DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE AND COUSINS:
I am twenty-three years old, soon will be twenty-four. Height five feet eleven inches, weight one hundred and sixty pounds, have real dark hair, dark eyes, complexion, keeping store.

I'm foreign born, emigrated to the great U. S. in November, 1903, arrived in New York City, in December, the same year. I was born in Mt. Lebanon, Syria. My old home is seven miles east of the Mediterranean sea, over seventy miles northwest of Damascus, the old historical city, and about the same distance northeast of Jerusalem. The area of Syria is fifty thousand square miles; its population is one million and a half. Within this beautiful country are many of the most beautiful scenes in all nature. There are mountains. One range starts from Acre and runs to Mt. Carmel, and on to Mt. Hermon. Mt. Hermon is eleven thousand feet above the sea level. There are many other mountains of interest. The rivers in Syria are not very large. The largest one is the historic Jordan, which is two hundred miles long. It has its source in various small rivers, and all empty into a lake, and from that lake flows the Jordan and empties into the Dead Sea. The Dead Sea is certainly the filthiest that's known. There is not a thing that can live in it. Its water looks filthy and is black and bitter. Nothing can settle in its bottom. Should anything drown in it, it floats and drifts ashore, or remains on the surface.

The principal crop is wheat and barley. Syria produces things too numerous to mention. Fruits of all kinds and varieties are raised. Vegetables also. Grapes of finest kinds, figs, dates, etc., are grown.

Syria is ruled by Turkey, but within its borders Mt. Lebanon is an independent state. It was cut off from Syria in 1860, owing to a Civil War. France, Italy, Russia, England, Austria and Germany guarantee its independence.

The climate of Syria is cold in winter, warm in summer, almost as it is here, only not quite as cold in winter as it is here. It doesn't rain in summer for nearly five months. We use irrigation to raise many of our products.

Beyrouth is the largest city in Syria, population one hundred thousand. It is situated on a beautiful spot on the shore of the Mediterranean sea. Its harbor is good, and many ships visit it weekly. Beyrouth is Syria's most important port.

When I arrived to New York, you ought to have seen me! "Gee Whiz!" I was as ignorant of the English language as you are of mine. I was bewildered, didn't know what to do or how to do it. You bet I was in an awful fix! Didn't stay but two days in New York. When I was on the way from New York, I had to get off at Washington, D. C. to make railroad connections. While in the depot I was awfully thirsty and I couldn't make anyone understand that I wanted a drink. Fortunately my train left in an hour, and I got a drink aboard it.

I had a hard old time at first. I worked in a store a while, and studied the English language in my leisure hours. I kept plugging and fighting alone (I never went to the English school for a single day) and now I have gained some knowledge of English, and do very well for a self-educated man. Don't you think so?

I used to get terribly homesick, but now I've outgrown all that, and I love this country and glory in it more than I can tell here. I've made up my mind to stay here the balance of my days; I may go back home some day to see my people, but don't know when that will be.

I love everything appertaining to knowledge, such as reading, writing, painting, poetry (I write it sometimes and love it too, you bet) and music, but, on the latter is my favorite. How many of you cousins like music? I can play on the piano a little, but I can sing best. I shall be glad to hear from all who are musical and who are not.

Now Uncle Charlie and all the cousins I trust this letter will receive a hearty welcome. If I do not reply to all who write me, I will at least reply to all I can. With love to all of you, I am, your new cousin,

GEORGE FARRIS.

That is a fine letter, and very few corrections were necessary to make it ready for the printer. I wish we had more young men in this great land of ours with the grit, character, determination, nobility of soul and fine sense of honor, possessed by the writer of this letter. It's about a year since I got to know George Farris. He was struggling under great difficulties, to acquire a thorough knowledge of our language, and by the way this English language of ours is the most difficult language on earth to learn thoroughly. George Farris was not only trying to write good English prose, but he was also trying to write verse and lyrics. The difficulties under which he was laboring, working night and day at his business, and his grit, determination and enthusiasm, impressed me so strongly, that I made up my mind I would help him all I could to achieve the ambition of his life. For the last year I have been correcting his letters, pointing out his errors, and giving him such encouragement as lay in my power. Seven years ago, as George tells in his letter, he was nearly dying of thirst because he could not ask for a glass of water. Today George can write a letter, that would almost do credit to a college professor. If there is one thing in this world I admire it is the pluck, grit and determination that surmounts all obstacles, no matter how great. Now you American boys, just take a leaf out of the life book of this poor, friendless, Syrian boy. Just think what he has accomplished. He came here only a child, and is still but little more than a boy in years. In those seven years, George Farris has conquered our puzzling language, mastered the difficult art of writing good verse, and by industry and perseverance, has built up a business and runs a store of his own. While many of you boys have been playing the races, fooling around in gin mills, dope joints and rum holes, with no ambition in life, no aim or object, except to have what you call a good time, and which I would call a rotten bad time, George Farris has been working, toiling, thinking, studying, developing his mind, intellect and soul, and against tremendous odds, striving undaunted, not only to master our language, but to build up a business and become a force and power for good in the community in which he lives. You will say: "Oh, that kind of life would not appeal to me. All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy. I want some fun in this life." Well, my dear boys, George's life has not been devoid of fun or amusement. He has had plenty of recreation, plenty of wholesome fun, but (and this is what I want to impress upon you), George did not make fun, good times and amusement, the *all in all* of his life. George had ideals and lofty ambition, and that's what few of you have. George did not wait for things to turn up. He went and turned them up himself. He held his head high, looked upward and outward, dreamed great dreams and realized them. Too many of you boys moon through life with your chin on your chest, and your eyes pointed at your shoe tops as though you were looking for cigar butts, and that's probably what you are looking for. Not one in fifty of you boys who are educated in our public schools, and not one in ten of you who graduate from our high schools, know as much of our language and history, and are as thoroughly patriotic and imbued with the best ideals of American citizenship, as is this comparatively friendless, Syrian immigrant boy. I know pretty well what I am talking about, for the tens of thousands of letters that reach me from all over the country, give me a first-class insight into the lives, habits and characters of young men of George Farris' age. Now, boys, back up, make up your minds to do something, and be somebody. Life is not all beer and skittles, fun and foolishness, dope and dissipation. There is a time for work as well as for play, a time for study, concentration, self improvement, as well as for fun, flirting, tobacco chewing, gambling and whiskey drinking. I don't want you boys to be molly coddles or book worms. I want you to be fine, strong, healthy, normal, courageous, intelligent, clean, wholesome, American boys—good Christians, and good citizens. You can become all of these, if you'll take a fresh grip on life, cut out the bad habits, appreciate the value of time, devote certain hours a day to self improvement, and have some object in life—a worthy goal, never to be lost sight of, and which you must determine to attain at all hazards and all costs. Don't drift over the seas of life like a ship without a rudder, a vessel without a port. Rudders less ships are at the mercy of the waves and sooner or later they hit the rocks or are overwhelmed by storms and go to destruction. Don't be a rudderless ship. Keep the nose of your life craft pointed toward the port of success, and hold the helm there in spite of all the seas of adversity which try to overwhelm you, in spite of the storms which may attempt to wreck and founder you, in spite of the siren songs that may be sung to wile you from your course. Guide your life craft true and straight, and you will reach the harbor of success, fortune, and peace.

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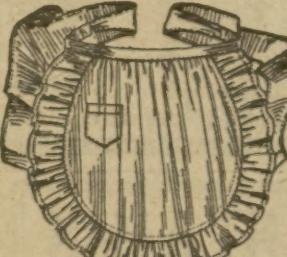
Now start the journey, boys, and mind once you start, never give up the ship, never deviate from your course, and you'll win out at last.

MONTGOMERY, ALA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:
May I enter your happy band of cousins this pleasant evening? I won't beg to sit on your lap for I think there are too many on it already. I have two married sisters that have been taking COMFORT nearly ever since it was first published and they think it is the best paper there is. It has so many good things in it to interest its readers, and it has been such a blessing to us.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 10.)

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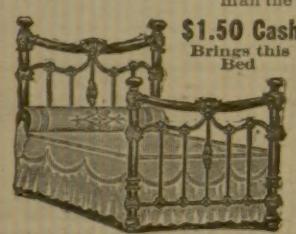
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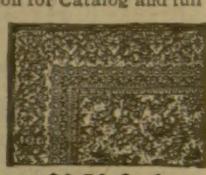
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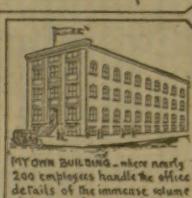
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my natural pair entirely out, kissing the various girls who lived within three thousand miles of my home. Maybe, Milton, you are saving your kisses for your future wife, if so she will need tin lips before you get through, if you attempt to make up for lost time. I am very much interested in that story of the fight with the Indians. That was quite a scheme of General Arney's. I wish I could hire the General to fire some more jackasses I know. I should like to hire a machine that would fire jackasses. You bet I'd keep it busy. I would take it to Washington first of all, and fire the jackasses who misrepresent us at the national capital, then I would like to fire the jackasses who voted for the other jackasses. Oh, I tell you I could have lots of fun with one of those jackass machines. If ever a country needed a machine of that kind, the United States needs it just now. You say that the Indian chief wanted piece, but you don't say which piece he wanted. Come East as soon as you can and enlighten us on this point, but please leave your harp behind as it is too hot just now for me to do any running.

SILVERTON, OREGON.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE AND COUSINS:

I am thirteen years old, have brown hair, blue eyes and am five feet and four inches tall, and weigh one hundred and twenty-five pounds.

I live in the foothills of the Cascade mountains, overlooking the beautiful Willamette valley. The leading industry is dairying, stock raising and lumbering. There is a logging camp a short distance from where I live. The trees are cut from the mountain side and hauled to the railroad by means of donkey engines, where they are loaded onto cars and hauled to the sawmill seven miles away.

Quite a good many Angora goats are kept, not only for their mohair, but for keeping down the brush which starts up on the logged-off land.

In the valley hops are quite extensively raised. In picking time, which usually begins about the middle of September, hundreds of men, women and children are hired to pick the crop. And when so many are gathered together they have a merry time. Oregon is divided from the north to the south by a chain of mountains. The eastern half is called "bunch-grass" and the western half is called "webfoot." The state is sometimes called the Webfoot state. The state is noted for its big red apples, beautiful sunshine and showers.

I am very fond of sewing and am making a crazy-patch quilt. I am in the chicken business on a small scale. My chicken house is just about the size of yours, Uncle Charlie. I guess this is enough for this time. If this escapes the waste basket I may come again. Your niece,

ROSE LEIGH.

Glad to welcome a breezy Western girl into our magic circle, Rose. We are quite interested, Rose, in the way you carry on the lumber industry in your state. The cousins want to know if you make donkey engines out of donkeys. There is plenty of raw material for donkey engines in this section. Billy the Goat is quite interested in the work his relatives are doing out in Oregon. He is quite a good hand at keeping down the brush himself. Yesterday he went into a hardware store and ate twenty-four scrubbing brushes, then he came home and ate my tooth brush. The latter was one thing however, he was unable to keep down. Billy the Goat says: "Please give his love to Ann Gora Goat." Miss Ann is an old sweetheart of Billy's. I should like to see the people picking hops. I tried to pick a hop one day, but the darned thing hopped and hopped, and hopped, and I spent all day before I could pick one hop. It was the liveliest hop I ever struck. I had to shoot it and beat its brains out before it would stop hopping. I believe in a certain season of the year the people go into the hop field, and tie the hops. That to me seems an absurd practice, for if a hop is tied it can't hop, and what on earth is the use of a hop that can't hop? Don't make that crazy patch quilt too crazy, Rose. There is no telling what a crazy quilt will do when it gets too crazy. I think it was very foolish of you to go into the chicken business on a small scale. I should think a farmyard would be a much more convenient location. I should not think you could get one chicken on a small scale, and if you did get it on I shouldn't think it would stay there. If a chicken laid an egg on a small scale, it would probably roll off and break. I am sorry that it rains so much in Oregon, Rose, for I know chickens don't like very damp weather. Maybe when your chicken is laying an egg on a small scale, you hold an umbrella over it. How about it? I trust you will have lots of success in the chicken business, Rose. No doubt you will if you can get a scale big enough.

SHELDON, N. DAK.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:
As Billy the Goat ate my first letter I will try again, so here it goes. I am five feet, seven inches tall; have blue eyes and brown hair, dark complexion, I am fourteen years old and weigh one hundred and twenty pounds. Is that too heavy Uncle?

I can wash, cook, iron, and milk a cow. I live in the country with my father and mother and two brothers. I live eight miles from Sheldon, ten miles from Enderlin, and twelve miles from Chaffee.

In Sheldon there are four stores, one mill, two elevators, two churches, one high school and one hotel. I don't know how many inhabitants there are because I have not had time to count them.

We raise wheat, corn, oats, barley, hay and vegetables. We don't raise any fruit except plums, cherries, gooseberries and grapes.

Say Uncle Charlie you must hitch Billy the goat up to your airship and come up and see me. I will give you plenty to eat so that you will not starve.

I have tenanted COMFORT for six months and like it fine. I received my card and button and thank you very much for them.

I would like to receive letters and post cards from the cousins, and will answer all I can.

Oh! I forgot, Bismarck is the capital of North Dakota.

Hoping Billy the Goat is sick in bed, and with a hug and a kiss for Uncle Charlie, I will ring off. Would like to see this letter in print. Your loving niece,

ELLEN ODAHL.

Ellen, yours is quite a breezy letter. No, my dear, you are not too heavy to sit on my lap. You have not a very large choice of hotels in your city. If you don't like one church you can go to the other, but if you don't like the hotel, the only thing to do is to go and sleep on the prairie. I have had some queer experiences in hotels. I was staying at one some years ago, and it had an electric push button in the wall and over the button there was printed this notice: "Push twice for ice water." Well do you know I held an empty pitcher under that button for three hours and never got a drop of ice water. Foolish isn't it for people to put such misleading notices in a man's bedroom. I am quite interested in the fruit you raise, Ellen. There is one variety however, that I have never heard of before, and that's "plumes." I am wondering what kind of fruit a "plume" is. Billy the Goat says that ostriches are the only things that raise plumes. I have heard of ostrich plumes of course, but they are feathers, not fruit. I am wondering Ellen, whether you grow ostrich plumes on bushes. If so, you might send me a jar of preserved "plumes." If the "plumes" turn out to be feathers instead of fruit we will let Billy the Goat wear them in his new Sunday go to meeting hat. I am of the opinion, Ellen, that you mean plums instead of "plumes." Billy the Goat thinks so, too, but as he is plum crazy we can afford to disregard his opinion. We don't raise fruit in this section, we lower it. Only once in my life did I go in for raising fruit. I was out sailing in a friend's yacht. We had had a ten course dinner, and I ate six or seven varieties of fruit for dessert—peaches, strawberries, pears, cherries, etc. Soon after dinner a heavy storm came up, and I had an awful funny feeling hit me in the restaurant region. I felt weird sensations from the head up and the feet down. Then I asked to be excused and went on deck. Directly I got on deck I raised seven varieties of fruit in as many seconds. If the Agricultural Department at Washington, D. C. had seen me raising fruit, I know they would have got out a special bulletin, and then died of envy. When

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 19.)



BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

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Suitable Henhouses

Many correspondents want suggestions for building new houses that I am going to devote this month to the subject. First of all, my advice has been asked about building a house entirely of concrete. I think a foundation, and perhaps walls to the height of two or three feet, would be splendid, of concrete, because it would be an effectual bar to rats, but I fear that an entire house would become damp in frosty weather unless an exceptionally good system of ventilation was in force. The warmth from the fowl's body and breath causes a great deal of moisture to accumulate on the walls and ceiling of a low house during zero nights, and if a house is built high enough to avoid that trouble, it would cost more than it is practical to put into poultry houses. Large, imposing houses are all very well on wealthy men's places, who keep poultry merely for personal pleasure, but for men and women who desire to make the birds pay a substantial profit, the plain, cheap house is, without question, the sensible scheme. If a large number



A SCRATCHING SHED AND ROOSTING ROOM.

of hens are going to be wintered for eggs, a log house, divided into pens by wire netting partitions, is, I think, the best. Our winter houses were built one hundred feet long, twelve feet wide, seven feet high in front, sloping to five feet at the back, with a passage two feet wide running along the front, divided from the main portion of the house by wire netting, and every twelve feet wire netting partitions to make different compartments. The dropping-board ran the full length of the house just inside the wire netting which formed the passageway. By dropping-board I mean the platform about three feet wide, elevated about two feet from the ground, on which the roosting-frames stand, and under the platform there is a row of nest boxes, so that eggs can be gathered and the dropping-board cleaned from the passageway, which saves a great deal of trouble and time when looking after the birds. A trench was dug, and half-inch wire netting sunk two feet into the ground and allowed to project one foot above the ground, where it was nailed to the walls of the house all round, as a safeguard against rats. But if I had it to do again I should most certainly use concrete, but it would cost a little more at its beginning, and last much longer. No matter what shape or size the house may be, it must stand on high, well-drained land, and have plenty of windows. We have full-sized sash the entire length of the house, so that they are flooded with light and sunshine.

The beginner, with only a small flock of birds, can make a serviceable house very cheaply if located near a city or large town where empty piano boxes can be bought. As a rule, they can be bought for two or three dollars each, and two will make a good house for twenty or twenty-five birds, even in winter. Rip off the back boards, and loosen the top ones, then stand the boxes back to back and fasten them together with strong cleats at each end. Make an A-shaped piece to go across the ends, to elevate the tops enough in the center to form a peak that will shed rain. Then cover the whole with any of the good makes of roofing paper; cut a door in one end, and put a window on each side, and you will have a strong, warm house.

Another cheap house, and one easier for a way-out farmer, is made of slabs. You know what I mean—outside pieces which are taken off of logs to square them for ties, or in cutting out boards.



PIANO BOX HOUSE.

They ought to be got wherever timber is being cut, and cost about seventy-five cents a load where one does his own carting. Two loads will give you enough to make a double-wall house, of about twelve by fifteen feet. Select good thick slabs, shave off the side edges, and put them as closely together as possible for the walls, back-sides and ends, turning the round, bark-covered side outwards. Then use up the lighter slabs for the inside of the house, of course nailing them over the cracks in the other ones. It is better to cover the top with roofing paper, but if you don't want to go to that expense it can be made quite storm-proof by using double slabs the same way as on the sides and applying tar to all the seams. The cheapest house I ever saw, and one any handy boy could make, belonged to an Italian, who lived in a little shack near the railroad track. It was nothing but green poles about five inches in circumference, and about six feet long, stuck into the ground about fifteen inches apart, in a circle, the timber ends all being caught together at the top to form a roof. Willow and other pliable branches were woven in and out between the poles, and then covered with mud and sod. When I saw it, it had been in use for two years, and seemed perfectly sound and good. From fifteen to twenty fowls had been kept in the house, and the man had never known illness or disease of any sort amongst his flock.

Another simple and warm house for winter can easily be made if there is a hillside to be dug out. People have an idea that a dugout must be damp, but this trouble is easily avoided if a piece of piping or a wooden box trough, four inches square, is carried from the front to the back of the house to allow a constant circulation of air. Remember, in building any sort of house, it is the comfort of the birds which should be considered, rather than the beauty of the structure. Draught and damp must be avoided, and lots of light and sun allowed. Cold does not really affect hens if they are well-fed and kept clean.

Correspondence

H. L.—Will you tell me how to grow bulbs in the house for Easter flowering? I know this question does not belong to poultry, but I saw a piece you had written about bulbs and houseplants in some other paper, and I think that perhaps you will help me, as I am an old subscriber to COMFORT, and an interested reader of the poultry column.

A.—You are quite right. I am willing and glad to give our subscribers any help in my power, no matter what the subject, so long as I know enough about it to make my advice serviceable. Daffodils, narcissus, snowdrop, crocuses, hyacinths, and Chinese lilies are all good for house culture, and can be grown in earth moss or water, though I think that fibrous earth is the best material to use. For several years I planted bulbs in August or September for Christmas flowering, and in October or November for Easter. The principal points about culture are: First, to get good sound bulbs. It is better always to send to well-established seedsmen and pay a fair price, than to buy cheap bulbs which have been out of the ground so long that they have lost all vitality. If earth is used, put a few pieces of broken crock or cinders at the bottom of a six-inch pot. Lay them in flat, for there is no necessity to have drainage, as in the case of other plants. Fill the pot loosely with rich fibrous earth. I make these by cutting away the under part of coarse sods, and mixing with it clean, sharp sand; and if you collect the sand from a river bottom, be sure and wash it through several waters before mixing it with the soil. Press the bulb into the center of the earth until it is about half an inch below the surface. Water very thoroughly to insure the earth becoming saturated with moisture. Four or five snowdrops or crocus bulbs can be put into one six-inch pot, but it is much better for the small plants, to buy what florists call "dishes," which are really pots, from two to three inches high, and round or square in shape. Stand the pots containing the bulbs in a shallow box which has a layer of moss from two to three inches deep at the bottom. Then set the box in a dark cupboard, where an even, moderate temperature can be maintained. Look at them occasionally and water slightly if it seems necessary, for they must keep just moist. In about six or eight weeks the pots will be full of roots, and should then be brought into the light, to encourage top-growth. At first a north window, and slightly shaded is best, but after a few days, when the leaves are two or three inches high, remove to brighter light where they can get some sun. The secret of having good and bright-colored flowers is in keeping the bulbs in the dark until the roots are thoroughly developed, for if put immediately into a light window after potting, they will develop top-growth more rapidly than root-growth; the result being that the plant is never sufficiently fed, and will appear sickly even if it develops flowers at all. I know a lady who makes fancy baskets and boxes of willow or bark during the summer, fills them with bulbs early in the fall, and at Easter sells them for two or three dollars each.

M. H. has been losing little chicks. Chicks seem hungry, but can't swallow. Crops are filled with frothy water, and they eventually die. Some of the hens have sore mouths, on which she has used alum and coal tar. One hen was examined after death, and found to have enlarged liver covered with spots. M. H.'s neighbor has had hens and chicks affected in the same way.

A.—Judging from the method of feeding which you outline in your letter, it proves that you have been in the habit of using a great deal of mash food, boiled, buckwheat, corn meal, corn bread and milk, or starch and clogging foods. So I think the trouble has been acute indigestion in the old birds, which has caused their eggs to be wanting in vitality. You know, unless the egg contains the right ingredients, it can't develop a healthy chick, and if a hen is given food which forms fat only, it is impossible for her eggs to hold the necessary ingredients for bone and fiber, and the chicks hatched from such eggs will surely be weak constitutionally, and when they in turn are fed in the same way, it is really a hopeless task to try and rear them. As all your old birds are undoubtedly in poor condition, I should advise you to gradually kill them and either buy new hens early in the spring or eggs for hatching from some farm where you know the fowls to be healthy. For your old hens feed a morning mash of equal parts of oats and corn and bran three times a week, and chopped steamed clover hay mixed with ground corn and oats, four mornings in the week; whole winter oats at noon, and corn for supper. If the birds are in yards, see that they have plenty of corn food and grit.

A. L. G.—Please help my poor little chicks. I was careless about the mother hen, and the chicks have become infected with lice. I called Dr. S.—the killer, but it did no good, so greased their heads. The day after, it rained, and though their coop was tight and dry, they ran out as soon as the rain stopped, and got very wet. The next morning one was dead, four sick and hardly able to stand, and the whole clutch sick. At the back of their heads, just above the wings they had a hard, foul crust, which smelt worse than any rotten eggs. I bathed it off with warm water, and dusted starch on the sore places, as the down had all come off, and they looked as if they had been scalded. Their joints were stiff, and they wanted to sleep all the time. They ate well, but were wild for water. Their crops were stuffed, so I gave them nux vomica for indigestion, and carbolic in the drinking water. I have raised a number of chickens, but I never saw anything like this before.

A.—Truly such a condition is puzzling, especially as I gathered from your letter that the entire clutch was affected in exactly the same way at the same time. The only solution that I can suggest is, that the grease that you put on their heads ran down and lodged on their shoulders, where in all probability there was a collection of the insect powder, and that the grease dissolved and brought into action some ingredient of the powder, such as lime or dry carbolic acid, which burned into the skin and caused the sore. It is not safe to use insect powder of any sort on very young chicks. For the future, powder the hen before you set her—twice during the time of incubation, the last application about the sixteenth day. Use a perfectly clean nest-box which has been painted with kerosene oil, and when the batch comes off, move the family to a clean, disinfected brood-coop. Then put a small box-run in front of the coop, with a good layer of sweepings from the haymow, or dig up a little soil near the coop for the chicks to scratch in. Exercise and dry food, given in small quantities, and about every two hours during the first nine days of their lives, will prevent any possibility of stuffed crops. It is better to prevent indigestion than to try dosing baby creatures.

C. B. G.—I have had nice looking hens all summer, but now they seem to be losing their feathers and have stopped laying. What is it called? I never had chickens until this year, so don't know much about them.

A.—You needn't worry. It is nothing but the annual moulting, which all birds have. Feed well, and add a teaspoonful of oil meal to every quart of mash. In a few weeks your hens will have a new coat of feathers, and be laying as well as ever.

O. J.—Can you tell me how many squab a pair of pigeons will raise in a year, and at what age squab are marketed?

A.—Homer pigeons are the best breed for squab-raising, as the squabs are larger and have a better appearance for market. A conservative estimate is five pairs of squab from each pair of Homers, that is, when the birds are well-housed and few. Squabs are marketed when about four weeks old, or just before they are ready to leave the nest. Each pair of mature pigeons must have two nests, as the hen-bird lays and commences to set on the second clutch before the first hatches.

NOVEL AUTO CARRIES ITS OWN TRACK AND WILL GO TO THE SOUTH POLE.—Included in the equipment which Captain Scott has devised for his forthcoming journey of exploration to the Antarctic regions is a motor sleigh tractor, which is designed to develop 12 b. horse-power. Instead of the usual car wheels, on the power driven rear axle, there are fitted two chain wheels, which drive an endless chain, carrying patterns and spuds, which grip in the snow and ice, and by the travel of the chain cause a forward movement to be given to the tractor. The chain also has a bearing on the runner and passing between this runner and the ground carries the whole tractor, propelling it as the chain wheels are rotated by the motor.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

This country is beautiful and quite noted as a health resort. It is also a fine stock country, and adapted to farming if one is prepared to irrigate. The onion crop is fine this year, better than ever before. Anyone can make from three hundred to eight hundred dollars per acre in onion raising.

I have only one child, a sweet little blue-eyed girl of two years. She is now learning her prayer of

tory is being taken up by oil companies. Hay, corn, oats, wheat and rye are the chief products.

But I must hasten along as I have a little hint to give for a nice washable sofa pillow: Take curtain swiss with large dots, embroider the dots with wash embroidery cotton, and finish the pillow with a ruffle of plain swiss feather-stitched with the same cotton as used for the dots.

Now a word to the shut-ins. Did you ever think that you were also shut-outs? Shut out from all the worldly and wicked surroundings of life, and shut-in with your own self and thoughts. I know it is hard to always be cheerful, for I myself, am afflicted in many ways and can't always see the bright side.

I have heard from some of the sisters and find them quite interesting. I would like a visit from you with post-card views or letters.

With success to you and our editor, I am sincerely your friend through COMFORT.

MRS. EMMA BOWER, Casey, R. R. 8, Ill.

DEAR SISTERS:

I would like to be of some help, too.

To all who suffer from neuralgia and rheumatism try a liniment made in the following way: Buy a ten-cent bottle of turpentine, pour out half and fill with kerosene oil. To this add one tablespoonful each of salt and camphor. Shake and rub on the affected parts with flannel. I have suffered with both and this helped me more than anything else; in fact I have been a great sufferer throughout the greater part of my life.

Few things we can do in this world are so well worth doing as the making of a beautiful and happy home. Far more than we know do the strength and beauty of our lives depend upon the home in which we dwell. He who goes forth in the morning from a happy, loving, prayerful home into the world's strife, temptation, struggle and duty is strong,—inspired for noble and victorious living. The children who are brought up in a true home go out trained and equipped for life's battles and tasks, carrying in their hearts a secret of strength which will make them brave and loyal to God, and will keep them pure in the world's sorest temptations. Sisters, no matter how plain the home may be nor how old-fashioned, if love be in it, if prayer connects it with Heaven, it will be a transformed spot. Poverty is no cross. If the home be full of bright cheer. Hardest toll will be light if love sings its song amid the clatter. Let us live more for our homes, let us love one another; let us cease to complain, criticize and contradict each other; let us be more patient with each other's faults, and let us not keep back the warm, loving words that lie in our hearts until it is too late for them to give comfort. "Comfort one another with the hand-clasp close and tender, do not wait with grace unspoken while life's daily bread is broken."

Dear sisters, my birthday is on Sept. 20th, and should be pleased with a shower. How many have the same birthday?

Wishing all a long and happy life,

MRS. J. E. THRASHER, Bishop, Ga.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

Here I come rolling in my chair this beautiful sunny morning, asking admittance into the Sisters' Corner. I am one of the many shut-ins, twenty years of age and never walked a step in my life. I have been deprived of the joy of a mother's love since the age of twelve and no one knows what a sorrow it is except those who have experienced it. It seems as if the world had turned its back upon you. I think the married ladies do not take the interest in the motherless girls around them and try to help and advise them as they should.

When I was quite small I had no use of my arms and neck, but God saw fit to restore their usefulness. I am paralyzed from my waist down, but I am so thankful that I have the use of my hands for I can roll around in the house and do a great many things. I have one sister, nearly seventeen and we have had no one to care for us since mamma died but papa. He has been father and mother both to us and we have had some hard times in those nine years. We three have kept house alone ever since mamma died. Of course it is not as hard now for papa as it was when we were small, because he had to take us to a neighbor's house to stay while he was at work. We are all blessed with good health only I cannot walk. I go to prayer meetings and Sunday school in nice weather and enjoy it very much and am always thankful that it is as well with me as it is for there are so many shut-ins that cannot leave their beds.

I suppose most of the sisters read Mr. Lawrence Bird's letter in COMFORT. I did and thought it one of the saddest I ever read. I was not able to help him myself, but prayed that he might get help, which he did. I was so glad when I read that he had received checks amounting to almost a hundred and thirty dollars and told papa that I was as glad as if I had

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 12.)

Danderine

GROWS HAIR and we can PROVE IT!

A lady from Minnesota writes:
As a result of using Danderine, my hair is close to five feet in length."

Beautiful Hair At Small Cost

HAIR troubles, like many other diseases, have been wrongly diagnosed and altogether misunderstood. The hair itself is not the thing to be treated, for the reason that it is simply a product of the scalp and wholly dependent upon its action. The scalp is the very soil in which the hair is produced, nurtured and grown, and it alone should receive the attention if results are to be expected. It would do no earthly good to treat the stem of a plant with a view of making it grow and become more beautiful—the soil in which the plant grows must be attended to. Therefore, the scalp in which the hair grows must receive the attention if you are to expect it to grow and become more beautiful.

Loss of hair is caused by the scalp drying up, or losing its supply of moisture or nutriment; when baldness occurs the scalp has simply lost all its nourishment, leaving nothing for the hair to feed upon (a plant or even a tree would die under similar conditions.)

The natural thing to do in either case, is to feed and replenish the soil or scalp as the case may be, and your crop will grow and multiply as nature intended it should.

Knowlton's Danderine has a most wonderful effect upon the hair glands and tissues of the scalp. It is the only remedy for the hair ever discovered that is similar to the natural hair foods or liquids of the scalp.

It penetrates the pores quickly and the hair soon shows the effects of its wonderfully exhilarating and life-producing qualities.

One 25-cent bottle is enough to convince you of its great worth as a hair growing and hair beautifying remedy—try it and see for yourself.

NOW at all druggists in three sizes,
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FREE To show how quickly Danderine acts, we will send a large sample free by return mail to anyone who sends this free coupon to the
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Send 42¢ today and receive this Beautiful Scarf prepaid. Examine it, and if it is not fully worth \$1.00, return it at our expense and your money will be cheerfully refunded including postage.

FREE Write today for our FREE big catalog, full of wonderful bargains.

References: Continental and Commercial National Bank of Chicago. Capital, \$10,000,000.

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We are using this pin as a leader to advertise our popular line of Jewelry. Simply send us your name with the order to pay mailing and advt. expenses, and we will send you one of these beautiful pins by return mail FREE. This is used both for a collar and belt pin and illustration is exact size.

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Watch, Ring and Chain GIVEN FOR SELLING POST CARDS

The American made, clean, wind with beautiful case, factory tested, guaranteed for 5 years and expensive ring set with a brilliant stone given to boys and girls for sending post cards. Each grade gets premiums in the shape of a gold ring. When sent, send in \$2.00 and we will postively send you a gold ring, watch, ring and chain.

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C-SAGE HAIR TONIC CLEANS your head of dandruff, makes your hair beautiful and grows hair. Sample prepaid 5c. It's wanted. DR. LYMAN, 617 Mill St., PEORIA, ILL.

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Any woman or girl can make from \$10.00 to \$20.00 per week in her own neighborhood by showing friends my toilet preparations and taking orders. Exclusive rights given. Every one who once uses my Patrician Beauty Cream will always want this wonderful complexion and skin beautifier. Sample in aluminum box and folder a full particulars and description of all my Patrician Toilet Preparations for 10c (coin or stamps). Olive E. Prescott, 126th Ave., Chicago.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11.)

got it myself. I want to ask the sisters to send me some silk, velvet or worsted pieces suitable for making cushions, if they have them to spare. I want to make some nice cushions for my wheel chair for Sunday and will call them my Comfort cushions. If there are any who have not the pieces to spare and would like to write me a letter or card, would be glad to hear from them as papa and sister have to be away from home at work. I stay alone and get very lonely sometimes. Will answer all if possible, but if any fail to hear from me, rest assured they were all appreciated and the Lord will repay you many, many times for your kindness.

I do so much enjoy reading the sisters' letters. I will close, asking God's blessings upon you all; especially the shut-ins.

Ola C. ABBOTT, Butlerville, Ark.

Miss Abbott. Your letter so full of appreciation of your blessings, and the uncomplaining spirit with which you meet misfortune is a sermon for all thinking sisters. And to your noble father who accepted his burden, and carried it so bravely all those years, I want to say that he has few equals and no superiors, and no one can tell of the sadness and loneliness of it all, but him and those who have, too, faced a like condition. That the years may grow brighter for you and yours is my sincere wish.—Ed.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I always enjoy reading your letters, and especially those in the July issue.

I will tell you about the painful accident I met with, and thus prevent some sister having the same experience. While canning fruit I used my bare hand to put the cover on, and the top accidentally broke and cut an ugly gash on my wrist about two inches long. I came near bleeding to death, and it was necessary to have the wound sewed up. I will not have very good use of my arm for some time to come, so my advice is that we all use a thick cloth when handling the can lid to prevent an accident.

I will tell you of another accident that may benefit someone. I have always heard that the Daisy Fly Killer was harmless to children, but my baby accidentally got one, which almost caused her death, and only promotion attention saved her. It caused a summer diarrhea. So keep it out of baby's reach.

I have two little girls which are plenty of care and lots of company.

When your grapes are ripe, pop the pulp out of the skins and cool until they will separate from the seeds. Put through the colander to remove seeds; then add pulp to the skins and sugar and proceed to make your jam which is fine.

On Sept. 20th I will be twenty-one years old, and would greatly enjoy hearing from the sisters.

Mrs. JOHN STAMP, Garwin, R. R. 1, Iowa.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

May I come in for a few minutes' pleasure this rainy afternoon?

We have had seventeen days of dry, hot weather, and so enjoy the cool, refreshing rain. The prospects are good for a bountiful crop of corn and all kinds of vegetables. So far the fruit crop is very short. We have been working in view of the vegetable garden furnishing the supply for the canning season, so planted abundantly of peas, sweet corn, beets, carrots, little white pickling onions, peach melon, pine tomatoes, cucumbers and pumpkins.

Sisters who have trouble with their kroft turning black or not souring right, if when making them will salt a little along all the time, just as though you were putting cabbage on to cook no more or less, and pack down hard, their kroft will keep perfectly.

On account of the scarcity of fruit this year, many will be anxious to save their pumpkins for fall and winter use. If pumpkins are stored in an upper room where they will not freeze and are placed on old pieces of carpet, quilts or straw they will keep until spring. To place them on a floor or on boards causes them to rot on the side next to the floor.

Mrs. LILLIAN L. MOORE, Puritan, Howell Co., Mo.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

For many years I have been a reader of COMFORT. We live on a farm one and one half miles from a coal mining town and there are two mines close to our house. At present, the strike makes times very dull. My husband is a blacksmith at one of the mines.

I can't quite agree with some of the sisters on women's voting. I think if the women take care of the home they will have enough to do; but my husband is radical on the right for women to vote. He says we would have a different government if women voted. Also that grafting would be checked and the money used for the poor shut-ins and perhaps he is right.

We have seven children; five boys and two girls. I am sending three new subscriptions and my own renewal which will help Mrs. Mallory. If she has enough for her chair, give to the other wheel-chair club.

Mrs. S. C. CANFIELD, Novinger, Mo.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

If I may I would like to join your band and tell you I think COMFORT the best magazine in the world.

I am a sunny Tennesseean, twenty-five years old, and have never been out of the state, though I expect to go some time and see a friend I found through COMFORT's pages. I dearly love the hills of Tennessee and there is no place like the country for me.

I agree with Miss Bonnie G. Hovey; it doesn't pay to worry, for

"Every new day has its dawn,
Its soft and silent eve,
Its noontide hour of bliss or bale—
Wherefore should we grieve?"

We should be very patient with each other's life. Too often a misunderstanding arises through only partial knowledge of a matter, and for want of wise, loving patience, alienations occur, and lives which ought to be one in sympathy, affection and interest, are held apart. How careful we should be in all our friendships, and we should not judge others; and if we are judged we should not complain, but wait quietly for the fuller revealing which some day will come.

"Here's a motto, just your fit,
Laugh a little bit,
When you think you've trouble fit,
Laugh a little bit;
Look misfortune in the face,
Brave the beldam's rude grimace;
Ten to one 'twill yield its place
If you have the wit and grit
Just to laugh a little bit."

I am going to try and get subs. for the Wheel-chair Club, as everyone ought to do. There are so many shut-ins, and so many of them just asking for cheer. A white-haired, crippled woman was sitting in a wheelchair, all alone, watching morning after morning for the postman. Every time he came he brought her something that covered her sad old face with a smile. One day her neighbor found her tenderly turning over a handful of postal cards. "Did you ever see such a boy as my Bob?" demanded the lonely old lady in the wheel-chair. "Just think he has sent me a postal every mail since he's gone. Just look at these dear, funny things." So the neighbor read in flaunting letters formed of gaily embossed flowers, the legends, "To Best Girl," "To My Sweetheart," "To My Affinity," "To the Only One," "To My Sweet Fluffy Ruffles," and a dozen more in the same vein. As she finished, she looked up with tears in the smiling old eyes. "Bless his heart!" said the neighbor, softly, "he's one in a thousand."

How easy it is to give if we only will.

With kind wishes to COMFORT's family.

Mrs. CARRIE TEMPLETON, McMinnville, R. R. 6, Box 63, Tenn.

Miss Templeton. Your story of the dear aged mother, unforgettable to her boy, teaches one of the greatest of life's lessons; that it's the small, daily act of kindness, prompted by love, that makes true happiness. Let us make someone happy today!

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I am thirteen years old and live on a farm nine miles from town, where we raise good crops. The following are some hints that may help someone:

When the windows are washed, rub them with a cloth dampened with cold oil to prevent flies specking them.

When hot grease is spilled on the floor, dash on cold water to prevent its striking in.

A little soda rubbed on chickens after singeing will assist in removing pin feathers.

If you get your hat wet, don't be dismayed, but suspend it upside down to dry and the trimming will be in an upright position.

Will some sister send me the Comferts having the story of "Jerry, the Backwoods Boy," until August, 1907, as that was our first paper?

ETHEL SIEMENS, Carthage, R. R. 1, Box 41 A, Mo.

DEAR SISTERS:

I am a little Oklahoma girl living all alone with my grandma, who was seventy years old last May. Sometimes I get very lonely. I want to make a COMFORT quilt and if the sisters will send me blocks, twelve by twelve inches with names of sender, I will be so glad.

I am fifteen years old and would enjoy letters from all who will write me.

With love to you all and to MRS. WILKINSON,

FRANKIE CAMPBELL, Konawa, Okla.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

In despair and anxiety I turn to you to know if you know anything that will cure or arrest a drawing of the cords and muscles. For over two years I have not stood on my feet because my knees are drawn up and now my hands are almost useless and I suffer so I cannot sleep because my shoulders and arms are drawn so.

We have tried M. D.'s, osteopathy, massage, Christian Science and vapor baths. I do not like to have the cords cut, for then the limbs would be helpless; and I have never taken morphine; my mind is all I have left and I do not want to destroy it with morphine.

An old and tried remedy for rattlesnake bite: Apply calomel; when it turns green, wash off with sweet milk; repeat as long as necessary.

EVA W. COLLIER, Townsend, Mont.

Miss Collier. I wish it were in my power to send you relief from your intense sufferings, and to not offer even one suggestion makes me feel helpless indeed. Many will be the loving and sympathetic thoughts extended to you with prayers that among the COMFORT sisters there may be one who can aid in your recovery.—Ed.

DEAR SISTERS:

I have been a subscriber a long time and received much benefit from COMFORT's pages, especially the Sisters' Corner.

This is my birthday, and I am sending in some subscribers to be credited to the wheel-chair fund. I think we all should try to send one subscriber at least on our b. days, and if we did, what a band of brothers and sisters we should have, and how much good we could do to relieve the sufferers.

Won't all who were born on June 27, 1884, please write me.

MRS. ELMER PEABODY, Battletown, Ky.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I have been a reader of COMFORT Sisters' Corner for several years, and am interested in the letters on care and training of children. Also have been noticing closely both sides of the Woman's Rights' question as it is discussed from time to time. I will refrain from expressing my sentiments for fear of the shower of approval and disapproval it would call forth. But after all it is a good thing everybody doesn't see alike, isn't it?

I am a farmer's wife and have been married nearly thirteen years to one of the best "Johns" going. We have two boys, aged nine and four years of age. I will be thirty years old this fall. Was born here in Kansas where I lived until I was twenty-one, when we went out to Tenino, Wash., in the Puget Sound Co. We lived there a little over five years, but returned as we wanted to farm.

Mrs. MAGGIE E. COLLINS. Your letter about the Willamette Valley brings me back to three years ago this summer when I visited friends at Lebanon and Amesville, Ore. One lovely Sunday morning a party of us drove through Waterloo and on to Sodaville and had our picnic dinner under the shade trees. We went to the college building and visited around until evening. The springs were quite a wonder to me as I had never seen any soda springs before, and we stopped for a drink at the springs at Waterloo on our way home. I think with you Mrs. Collins that Willamette Valley is the prettiest place imaginable.

I am so glad we "sisters" succeeded in getting subscriptions enough for Mrs. Mallory a chair. I wish our corner could earn a chair every three or four months for someone that needs it so much.

Mrs. J. C. TALBOT, Clayton, R. R. 2, Box 59, Kans.

Mrs. TALBOT. Your reference to the soda springs of Oregon will be read by many who would be glad to know more about them and by others who are already familiar with that locality.

I can't quite agree with some of the sisters on women's voting. I think if the women take care of the home they will have enough to do; but my husband is radical on the right for women to vote. He says we would have a different government if women voted. Also that grafting would be checked and the money used for the poor shut-ins and perhaps he is right.

We have seven children; five boys and two girls. I am sending three new subscriptions and my own renewal which will help Mrs. Mallory. If she has enough for her chair, give to the other wheel-chair club.

Mrs. S. C. CANFIELD, Novinger, Mo.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I want to explain to all who sent me flower seeds why they have not received in return the wild ones promised by me before this. As my letter could not appear until the June COMFORT, making it late to plant wild flower seeds (which should go into the ground in early spring), and too late for me to use many of those sent me, I decided to wait and send fresh seeds from this season's crop.

I shall certainly show my appreciation

Women Agents Wanted

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We want one wide-awake woman in every community to represent us. We are wholesale tailors for women, and our lines include the latest styles, with an immense variety of fabrics. Every garment is tailored to measure and guaranteed to fit.

THE WORK IS EASY. No experience is needed. No investment is necessary to take orders for our tailoring. We guarantee a sale. We ship on approval. The lines are attractive, the prices are low, and orders are very easy to get. It's a new and wonderful business. Write us today. Let us make you a beautiful suit as a sample at an inside wholesale price.

This is a remarkable opportunity in a permanent money-making business, but you must act quickly. Write us today.

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The Pretty Girls' Club

Conducted by Katherine Booth

Be Good Looking Though Elderly

JUST because your skin is wrinkled and your hair gray, does not mean that you are doomed to be wrinkled and gray until the end of the chapter. Nowadays when a woman looks in her mirror and sees that Father Time has his eye on her, she doesn't give up in despair. By no means! She knows that with a little care and the expenditure of a few pennies every now and then, she can keep Father Time at bay for many years. Really many of the smartest, neatest and prettiest women I have known have been forty, at least, and some of them way, way past.

Be thankful that the days are gone when the woman past forty was spoken of as "aged" or put so far in the background of affairs that she was never spoken of at all.

It is very important to feel young—always try to do that—but I want you to go a step further and try to look young as well. Take your hair, for instance. The hair begins to show a sprinkling of silvery threads, as a rule, between thirty-five and forty, and no plucking out of the tell-tales will do a mite of good. Right here is where the average woman makes her first mistakes. She colors her hair with some home-made dye, and thereby piles up trouble for herself. If you must dye your hair, go to a professional, or use some hair dye prepared by a well-known firm, but do not spoil your hair by dampening it with concoctions of henna, sage tea and so forth. If you do you are sure to get a tint that will quarrel vigorously with the tone of your complexion. Home-made dyes usually have the effect of making your hair streaked and of varying hues. This gives you away, and advertises to the world that you are tinting your hair.

Before resorting to a dye I would suggest trying massage, as it will bring the blood to the tiny capillaries of the scalp and restore health and strength to the hair follicles and papillae, and unless positive atrophy of the pigment forming cells in the papillae has set in, will restore color, and your gray hairs will be things of the past.

Before beginning this massage, moisten the scalp with a good tonic. The following is said to be excellent in cases of premature gray hair:

A Restorative

Sulphate of iron, one dram; sulphurine, one half dram; Tincture of jaborandi, one ounce; extract of rosemary, four drams; extract of thyme, four drams; rectified spirits, one ounce; glycerine, one ounce; elder-flower water, one half pint.

Should this lotion prove too stimulating dilute with distilled water and glycerine.

If you desire healthy hair, keep the scalp loose upon the skull. Should you be scalp-bound, as is often the case with elderly people, try moving the scalp up and down with the finger-tips. This manipulation will also bring the blood to the tiny blood vessels. Go over the scalp in this manner for several minutes each night. If you do, you will not be troubled with falling hair.

If your hair is thin, massage the scalp with a rotary motion for twenty minutes daily using a stimulating tonic.

Tonic to Promote a New Growth of Hair

Forty grains of resorcin, one half ounce of water, one ounce witch-hazel and alcohol.

Dry, stringy hair means that a little yellow vaseline should be applied to the roots every third night or so.

Above all be careful to dress your hair nicely. Middle aged women generally make the mistake of straining the hair back from the face. This is a trying fashion and sure to make you look your full age. The fashion in hair now, for women past forty, is to wave it slightly and dress it loosely, pulling wavy bangs or curls over the temples.

As gray-haired women hardly ever know how to take care of their silvery locks, let me give you a hint. Wash your hair frequently else your tresses will look a dirty, faded white. If you are so unfortunate as to have yellow-white hair, I would suggest rinsing it after a shampoo, in bluing water of the blueness that you would use in rinsing white clothes. This will remove that ugly yellow look.

One thing that the elderly woman must not do is to use curling irons. She must preserve what hair she has and not recklessly burn and scorch it out of existence. A soft kid comb does the work just as well as hot tongs and has the merit of not injuring the hair.

The skin of people on in years is sure to lack oil, and as a consequence the face looks withered.

The elderly woman must make a point of giving her skin the oil of which it is so in need. As the tendency to a growth of superfluous hair becomes greater as the years roll by, be careful not to use animal oils upon the face. Instead, use almond oil, to which add spirits of camphor in the proportion of one part of camphor to eight of oil. Keep the wrinkles at bay by a daily massage with this simple cream, remembering to always rub across the lines.

As the skin at this period of life is loose and fabby, tighten it by moistening the face several times a day with the following astringent:



TO TAKE OFF AGE DISCOLORATIONS USE COLORLESS IODINE

Hamamelis water, one dram; rosewater, one ounce.

Very frequently one sees elderly women with discolorations of the skin. These generally appear on the sides of the cheeks and upon the backs of the hands. The cheek marks can be removed by painting them with pure lemon juice. Colorless iodine will remove the spots on the hands. Paint them with the iodine night and morning unless it proves too irritating to the skin. Do not use the iodine upon the face. Once you are free from these disfiguring marks you will notice a great improvement in your looks.

As all the functions of the body are less active after the fortieth year has passed, it is necessary to take stimulating baths. A hot bath followed by a brisk rubbing with a rough towel is a necessity for the middle-aged woman, as it will cause the blood to run rapidly in the veins, cleanse the pores, and improve the digestion.

Don't become careless about your looks as you grow older. That might be permissible in a young girl, but the woman of fifty years must be extra particular.

Rules the Elderly Woman Must Observe

Stand erect with the abdomen drawn in and chest thrown out.

Train the feet to bear the weight of the body lightly. A heavy tread is indicative of old age. Dress neatly, with every pin in place, the waist drawn down smoothly in the back, and the belt put on so it covers the waist band, and the skirt hanging evenly.

Do not disdain powder, or a pinch to the cheeks, if these beauty aids make you look fresher and younger.

Bleach the face with sour milk or almond meal paste every week, and keep the sallowness of old age at bay.

Brush and wave and dress your hair every day as if you were only sixteen and going to your first party.

Keep the nails clean and push down the cuticle until the half moon shows. Also do not forget to rub in a hand cream every night, as plump white hands can be yours if you want them.

Don't think "nobody cares." There is always someone who cares. Put away the idea that you are old and USE KID CURLERS, NOT TONGS.

Questions and Answers

L. E. P., Rosebud, Sunny South, So. Bend Girl and others.—Massage the scalp for twenty minutes every day with the following pomade:

White vaseline, three ounces; Castor oil (cold drawn), one and one half ounces; gallic acid, one and three quarters drams; oil of lavender, thirty drops.

This should cause hair to grow and stop the falling out, also the itching. If your doctor does not know what to do to prevent your warts from coming, I could not be expected to know. Evidently you have a wart remedy so I will not print one.

Apple Blossom.—See reply to L. E. P. No, the hair red does not indicate it is going to be gray. It means the hair roots are not nourished. Massage and feed the scalp and the hair will grow strong and healthy.

You massage wrinkles under and around the eyes by placing the second finger above eye at nose. Move the finger outward one half an inch beyond eye corner, then sweep in close underneath the eye to the nose. Use plenty of cream. Use very light pressure. Massage across all other lines. My dear child, I wish I could answer every letter, but in that case we would have to use all the pages of COMFORT and turn the rest of the magazine out into the cold, cold world.

Anxious, Byrnedale, Pa., Bertha, Texas Girl and others.—If you will massage your lips with the following pomade, they will grow thinner. Melt an ounce of cold cream and add one gram each of pulverized tannin and alkanet chips; let macerate for five hours, then strain through cheesecloth. You are just the right weight for your height. You should be careful to protect front hair from sun. It is evidently faded.

Betty Rose.—See reply to L. E. P. You can plumpen your hands by holding them for ten minutes each day in a bowl of olive oil. Massage your nose toward the tip, but do not use any cream.

A Daisy Girl and others.—See reply to L. E. P. Moles when interfered with are liable to leave a cancerous growth so I could not give you any mole remover. The only safe way of removing a mole is by the use of the electric needle.

A Jule Rose.—I do not advise your using the formula you sent to me. See reply to L. E. P. Put a wad of cotton underneath the nail. This will hold it out and prevent it growing into the flesh. I am sorry, but I cannot give you the address of the magazine you ask about. I didn't know it was published now.

Peaches and Cream, Mrs. V. M., Marie.—As your hair is so oily you should wash it about every ten or eleven days. To develop the bust, bathe it in hot water, then massage it lightly for fifteen minutes twice each day, using an abundance of warm cocoa-butter.

Remedy for Constipation

Extract of dandelion, one dram; powdered rhubarb, one grain. Divide into three and one half grain pills. Take one pill every night.

Constant Reader.—White vaseline has been refined and has not enough strength to promote hair growth. Ether should not be used upon the hair.

M. D. F., Rosebud, Farmer Girl and others.—I am sorry but I do not give hair dyes. Regarding bust see reply to Peaches and Cream. Touch eyelid edges with vaseline. This will make lashes grow. Do not get any vaseline in the eyes. You cannot increase the size of eyes. An old-time dandruff remedy is:

Bay rum, five ounces; tincture of cantharides, one ounce; olive oil, one ounce.

You cannot grow taller, but you can look taller if you wear high-heeled shoes, dress your hair high and wear hats that have high trimmings.

Lillie, Farmer Girl, Trixie and others.—See reply to L. E. P., also M. D. F.

Freckle Remedy

Anmonium chloride, one dram; distilled water, four ounces.

Apply at night after the face has been bathed in hot water. You should write to some beauty shop and buy an eyebrow pencil in brown. This when passed over brows will make them brown for a few hours.

Miss Lottie.—See reply to L. E. P. and M. D. F. A great many dogs get sick temporarily after being washed. Do not wash them after they have had a meal. Wait several hours. One big meal in middle of day is sufficient with milk and water mornings and evenings. Why not brush your yellow teeth with lemon juice once a week? Here is a formula for tooth powder since you won't buy the ones at the drug store.

Tooth Powder

Take equal parts of precipitated chalk and powdered orris root. To this add any flavoring essence you wish. The tooth powders sold by druggists are very good. I do not answer questions about poultry. Please send me your simple remedy.

Sunny South, California, Papa's Girl and others.—You should rub a good skin food into your face every night after it has been thoroughly washed. This will keep the skin smooth and white.

Hamamelis water, one dram; rosewater, one ounce.

Very frequently one sees elderly women with discolorations of the skin. These generally appear on the sides of the cheeks and upon the backs of the hands.

The cheek marks can be removed by painting them with pure lemon juice. Colorless iodine will remove the spots on the hands. Paint them with the iodine night and morning unless it proves too irritating to the skin. Do not use the iodine upon the face. Once you are free from these disfiguring marks you will notice a great improvement in your looks.

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Don't become careless about your looks as you grow older. That might be permissible in a young girl, but the woman of fifty years must be extra particular.

EVERYTHING FOR THE HOME

JUST FILL IT WITH BARGAINS

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We give our customers from 10 to 30 months in which to settle for purchases they make of us. Just consider what a convenience this would be to you. It would give you immediate use of the furnishings you order to enjoy in your own home while paying for them in small amounts from month to month as you earn the money. It's by far the most generous credit service offered by any homefurnishing institution in America today. We charge absolutely nothing for this credit accommodation—no interest—no extras of any kind. Don't open an account with any concern until you have learned of the better features of this great helpful plan of ours.

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and cork bottle quickly. If you neglect these precautions, the lotion will spoil. This is also a freckle remover. It must be used for many weeks.

Katie—I am sorry you had such bad luck. I never recommend anything of the sort for moles because I think they should be left alone. Evidently the COMFORT reader who requested that her formula should be printed was mistaken as to its merits. I think you will be able to quickly fade mark by steaming it over a kettleful of hot water once a day and then massaging for five minutes twice a day.

Gray Eyes, Nobody's Darling, A Wild Rose from Ohio, and others.—A girl of sixteen wears dresses to show tops. I cannot tell what you should weigh as you did not give me your height. A well-known doctor says that living almost entirely on skimmed milk will reduce one half a pound a day.

Address all letters containing questions to KATHERINE BOOTH, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR CURED

A Lady Subscriber Will Send Free to any Sufferer the Secret Which

Cured Her.

ONE of our lady subscribers asks us to announce that she will tell free to any reader of this magazine how to secure permanent relief from all traces of superfluous hair that caused her much distress that cured her, after every other known remedy had failed. It was just as successful with her friend, whose picture is printed herewith. She states that the means used is harmless, simple and painless, and makes the electric needle entirely unnecessary.

Blue Bell, St. Paul, Minn.—The tonic you speak of is perfectly harmless. You will probably need to use six bottles of it. Yes, goat's milk will enlarge the bust. Malt is fattening to the entire body, but more especially to the bust. See reply to Worried. Witch-hazel alone is not a hair tonic. Hold your hands in warm milk for ten minutes each day if you want to plump and soften them.

A Subscriber.—The tonic you ask about is reliable and will cost anywhere from seventy cents to one dollar a bottle. It can be purchased at any drug store.

B. C. F., Youngster, Discouraged and others.—If you will dash cold water on bust every day it will firm the breasts. You are not too stout.

Sunflower Sally, A. E. S. and others.—Here is an exercise for large abdomen. Stand erect with arms outstretched in front of you. Now bend until fingers touch the ground, but do not bend knees. Repeat exercise fifteen times, twice a day. Cocoa butter comes in a small cake and costs about twenty-five cents and can be bought at any drug store. Try breathing as this will enlarge bust. Inhale deeply, hold breath for eight counts, then exhale slowly. Hold your chest high always.

Troubled Evangeline, Sweetie, Mrs. J. W. S. Rose, Anxious and others.—See replies to Peaches and Cream and Scarecrow. Drink two glasses of hot water before each meal as this will clear your skin. Wash the face with old buttermilk every day to take off tan. You should weigh about one hundred and forty-five pounds.

Compton Friend and others.—If you wish to reduce the bust you might try the following remedies, but I think you will be wise to "let well enough alone," as the breasts are easily injured and serious consequences follow. I cannot personally recommend this treatment.

Reducing Treatment

Rob this pomade into breasts every night.

Astringent

IN & AROUND The HOME

CONDUCTED BY MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON

Terms Used in Crochet

Ch. chain; ch. st. chain stitch; s. c. single crochet; d. c. double crochet (thread over once); tr. c. treble crochet (thread over twice); dtr. double treble crochet (thread over three times); l. c. long crochet; r. st. roll stitch; l. loop; p. picot; r. p. roll picot; sl. st. slip stitch; k. st. knot stitch; sts. stitches; blk. block; spa. spaces; * stars mean that the directions given between them should be repeated as indicated before proceeding.

Terms Used in Knitting

K. knit plain; o. over; o. 2, over twice; n. narrow 2 stitches together; p. purl, meaning an inversion of stitches; sl. slip a stitch; tog. together; al. and b. slip and bind; k. p. knit plain; stars and parentheses indicate repetition.

Terms Used in Tatting

D. s. double stitch; p. picot; l. p. long picot; ch. chain; d. k. double knot; pkt. picot and knot together. * indicates a repetition.

Dreamland Daisy Lace

Chain fifty-six stitches.

1st row.—16 spa., ch. 2, scallop of 5 d. c., skip 2 scallop of 5 d. c., ch. 3, turn.

2nd row.—5 d. c. between first and second d. c. of previous row, 5 d. c. between first and second d. c. of next scallop, ch. 2, 1 d. c., 16 spa., ch. 5, turn.

3rd row.—6 sp., 1 block (block is made by putting 1 d. c. in each st.), 3 sp., 1 block, 5 sp., scallop of 5 d. c. on each scallop, ch. 3 turn.

4th row.—Scallop on scallop, ch. 2, 1 d. c., 5 sp., 2 blks., 1 sp., 2 blks., 1 sp., ch. 5, turn.

5th row.—6 sp., 2 blks., 1 sp., 2 blks., 5 sp., scallop on scallop, ch. 3, turn.

6th row.—Scallop on scallop, ch. 2, 2 sp., 3 blks., 1 sp., 1 blk., 1 sp., 1 blk., 1 sp., 3 blks., 3 sp., ch. 5, turn.

7th row.—4 sp., 3 blks., 1 sp., 1 blk., 1 sp., 3 blks., 3 sp., scallop on scallop, ch. 3, turn.

8th row.—Scallop on scallop, ch. 2, 6 sp., 1 blk., 1 sp., 1 blk., 7 sp., ch. 5, turn.

9th row.—4 sp., 3 blks., 1 sp., 1 blk., 1 sp., 3 blks., 3 sp., scallop on scallop, ch. 3, turn.

10th row.—Same as 6th.

11th row.—Same as 5th.

12th row.—Same as 4th.

13th row.—Same as 3rd.

14th row.—Same as 2nd.

15th row.—Scallop on scallop, ch. 2, 7 sp., 1 blk., 8 sp., ch. 5, turn.

16th row.—6 sp., 2 blks., 1 sp., 2 blks., 5 sp.,

scallops on scallop, ch. 3, turn.

17th row.—Same as 16th.

18th row.—Same as 15th.

19th row.—Same as 14th.

20th row.—Same as 13th.

21st row.—Same as 12th.

22nd row.—Same as 11th.

23rd row.—Same as 10th.

24th row.—Same as 9th.

25th row.—Same as 8th.

26th row.—Same as 7th.

27th and 28th rows same as 1st. and 2nd.

MISS LILLIE M. SHAW.

Plain Crochet Insertion

Make a chain of 59 stitches, 1 s. c. in the 10th chain from needle, * (ch. 7, 1 s. c. in next 7th ch.) * repeat from * to * three times; a shell of 7 d. c. in 4th ch., fasten down with a s. c. in next 4th ch., make 3 shells in all; ch. 7, 1 s. c. on the end.

2nd row.—(Ch. 7, 1 s. c. in center of shell); repeat eight times, making 8 spaces.

3rd row.—Ch. 7, 1 s. c. in first

doubles in next s. c., * repeat from * to * three times; (ch. 7, 1 s. c.) repeat four times.

4th row. Same as 2nd row.

5th row.—Ch. 7, 1 s. c., repeat 4 times, three shells in a row, ch. 7, 1 s. c. on end.

Repeat from the 2nd row. After the length is made, border the edges with shells; then it can easily be sewed on by machine and the material cut away without any danger of pulling away.

A. O. L. WERTMAN.

Rose Leaf Edging

Cast on thirty-one stitches, knit across plain.

1st row.—K. 3, o. 2, p. 2 tog., k. 10, o. 2, p. 2 tog., k. 3, o. n., k. 5, o. 2, p. 2 tog.

2nd row.—O. 2, p. 2 tog., k. 7, k. 1, p. 1, making 2 sts. out of the one you cast over, k. 3, o. 2, p. 2 tog., sl. 4 sts. over the first and then k. first, o. 2, k. 5, o. 2, p. 2 tog., k. 3.

3rd row.—K. 3, o. 2, p. 2 tog., k. 5, k. 1, p., making 4 sts. out of the 2 you cast over, k. 1, o. 2, p. 2 tog., k. 12, o. 2, p. 2 tog.

4th row.—O. 2, p. 2 tog., k. 12, o. 2, p. 2 tog., k. 10, o. 2, p. 2 tog., k. 3.

5th row.—K. 3, o. 2, p. 2 tog., sl. 4 sts. over first sts., then k. first st., o. 2, k. 5, o. 2, p. 2 tog., k. 3, o. n., o. n., k. 5, o. 2, p. 2 tog.

6th row.—O. 2, p. 2 tog., k. 6, k. 1, p. 1, k. 1,

needle 4 times) ch. 8, * quadruple crochet ch.

* repeat from * to * 12 times.

6th round.—10 s. c. under each ch. 8, 1 s. c. in each quadruple st., join, slip, st. to center of quadruple group.

7th round.—Ch. 8, 1 d. c. in fifth s. c. on ch. 8, ch. 3, 1 d. c. in same st., ch. 8, 1 s. c. in

the right shade is obtained.

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An Unwilling Bride Or, The Heart's Rebellion

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8.)

delivers, and furnished with sofas around the room for the accommodation of the old people, the tired dancers, and the neglected wall-flowers. The floors were uncarpeted, but highly polished wax.

Mrs. Rock, in a new brown moire dress stood near the door to receive her guests. She hastened forward to welcome her friends, and conduct them to a pleasant seat up at the farther end of the room, and after walking a little while with Amy, and telling her how glad she felt to see her, she excused herself to go and meet some other guests who were just entering.

Clemence took a survey of the room. There were about four quadrilles on the floor. And at the head of one she saw standing Elva, more fair and fragile than ever, and young Alleyne—her own rejected suitor.

Clemence sighed deeply, and sent up a prayer for her peace.

But little time had Clemence to look about her, before Mrs. Rock returned, bringing with her a young gentleman whom she presented to the young girl, and who immediately solicited the honor of her hand in the quadrille that was then forming.

But little did Clemence think or care; for whether she sat, or stood, or danced or talked or listened, it was done mechanically; her thoughts and cares were hovering around the "homeward bound." At last it almost seemed as if she had won him spiritually to her side.

Yes! he seemed there in presence with her, yet—she could scarcely suppress a scream of joy, when lifting her eyes she saw—her husband—Ernest Brent standing in the room talking to Mrs. Rock and the captain. At last his eyes met hers in joyous recognition, and bowing hastily to his companions, he came hurrying through the crowd to the sofa where she sat, with other ladies and some gentlemen.

He came up, and bowed, and shook hands with several of the persons near Clemence, and who were old acquaintances of his own. And when he greeted Clemence, there was nothing but the crushing pressure of his hand, and the brief, intense gaze of his eyes—that betrayed how much of feeling he wisely had suppressed.

As he stood there, he was immediately surrounded by friends and acquaintances, who came to welcome him back.

Clemence was also surrounded. Major Oaks, Mr. Alleyne, and Mr. Ned Long had in turn found out her seat, and approached her, and now they lingered near her, each with the secret determination of out-lowering the others.

Clemence blushed to see the look of animosity that passed between them, and being no longer willing to endure a position she felt to be humiliating, she arose, and giving her hand to Ernest, said:

"Mr. Brent, will you please to assist me in finding Mrs. Dolor?"

With a glad smile of surprise, Ernest bowed, drew her hand within his arm, and they began to thread their way through the crowd.

"Thank you, Clemence—sweet wife!" he whispered, in a thrilling voice, as they went.

But the people pressed so closely, that it was nearly impossible to speak a confidential word that would not be heard by others. He did manage to say to her, in answer to her fond inquiries:

"Dearest, I reached home only this afternoon. I feigned an errand over to Beach Cottage for the purpose of seeing you. There I learned that you were here, and I instantly hurried, an uninvited, but I trust not an unwelcome guest. Here comes Dr. Russell, to speak to me. How provoking! Clemence, I must see you alone."

Before Clemence could reply, Dr. Russell joined them, and grasping Ernest's hand, began to pour forth a stream of welcome, in return for which, Ernest sincerely wished him at Jericho. And before the doctor had done talking, Amy came along in search of Clemence, and joined them. They all talked together a little while, and then Ernest pressed Clemence's fingers with a meaning which she must have understood, for she smiled and said:

"Now, Mrs. Brook, pray excuse me, and take care of our dear doctor, while I go to hunt up Mrs. Dolor, who has been dancing so continuously that I have had no opportunity of speaking to her.

"You will not find her, my dear; she has left the room—she has probably gone to supper, with all the company are going now. Come, come, doctor. Mr. Brent, give your arm to Miss Moore, and precede us to the supper-room."

There was no remedy; the company were all going one way. Ernest knew very well that if he and Clemence remained behind they would excite remark; so with a suppressed groan he drew her hand through his arm and led the way. At the supper-table it was as bad as ever for the lovers. Ernest could speak no loving word to Clemence.

After supper it was worse than ever. The little incorrigible imp, Elva, whom they had set out to seek, was found then too soon; for as soon as she saw Ernest and Clemence together, she shook off Dr. Dolor's arm, requested him to keep his hateful figure out of her sight, and leaving him to digest his mortification and jealousy as he could, hurried forward to join them, and to welcome Ernest with an assumed eagerness and delight that none but a mad man, or, what is the same thing, a jealous man, could ever mistake for the "love that doth make cowards of us all."

To Dr. Dolor's rage and despair, and to Ernest's ill-concealed vexation, she passed her hand through his arm, and remained with the lovers the whole of the evening.

Dr. Dolor's blood boiled with rage. It was with difficulty he restrained himself from going and taking Elva by the arm, and leading her from the room. But he knew very well that if he should do such a thing as that, Elva would fall into one of her violent and really dangerous hysterical fits, and create a scene in which his dignity would be sure to suffer. The company soon began to break up and disperse, and Ernest arose and excused himself, and left her and Clemence sitting together.

Amy now came up, and told Clemence that her Aunt Rock had insisted that they should stay all night; and promised that the carriage should take them back early in the morning. Elva, now that there was no more mischief to be done, closed her eyes, and went off into one of those long, long reveries, into which she now so frequently fell. The rooms were now almost empty.

Ernest Brent still lingered about the halls and entries, until he saw Amy rouse Elva, and with much tenderness coax and assist the exhausted girl to leave the room and retire to bed. Then he hurried to her side, drew her hastily to his bosom, pressed a kiss upon her lips, and saying:

"Good night, dearest—I will see you again tomorrow," hastened away in time to escape the observation of Mrs. Rock, who came to look for Clemence, and to show her to her room.

The chamber adjoined that occupied by Amy, and the door was open between them. When Mrs. Rock had bidden her good night, Clemence drew aside her curtains, and missed Isa from the bed; this night, the maid, Betty, had, naturally enough, put the little girl in her mother's bed, but when Clemence missed her, she went immediately into Amy's room, and smilingly announced that she had come for her baby, lifted the child, and carried her and laid her in her own bed.

This late as was the hour, opened a conversation between the friends, in the course of which they discussed the most striking events of the evening, the sudden arrival of Ernest Brent, the strange behavior of Elva, and lastly, the meeting between Amy and her long-estranged uncle.

"My dear Clemence," said Amy, "his demonstrations were insulting to the memory of my husband. He excused his former harshness, by reflecting severely upon our marriage, and by implication upon my dear husband, and it made me regret that I had entered the house."

"Do not say so, dear Amy! his reflections cannot hurt him who is safe in heaven, and need not offend you. You were right in coming. And now you must remember that the old man, with all his years, is ignorant and blind, and you must bear with his faults; pity him, pray for him, and love him," said Clemence, kissing Amy's cheek,

and bidding her good night.

When she re-entered her own chamber, what was her surprise to see Elva in her white dressing-gown with her yellow hair streaming around her, standing in the room!

"My dear Elva! what is the matter? I thought you were asleep long ago."

"I never sleep, Clemence."

Clemence took her hand and made her sit down upon a chair, and with a sort of instinctive mesmerism, to stroke her temples and smooth her hair.

"How did you get in, Elva?" she asked; "my door leading into the passage was locked."

"But look there," replied Elva, pointing to another door directly opposite to that leading into Amy's room. "You did not notice that—it communicates with my room. These three rooms are en suite, and were intended—ha! ha! ha! ha! for Professor and Mrs. Dolor. He sleeps in the other wing of the building, Clemence. If they had so much as put the Ogre in the same side of the house with me, I should have taken the clothes-line, gone out, climbed the nearest tree, made a noose of one end of the cord, slipped it over my head, fastened the other end to a strong branch, and jumped off."

Clemence still calmly smoothed her hair, and betrayed no horror at her wild words, but answered, gently:

"They would not have driven you to such extremity, nor would you have committed such an act. Your lips wrong the real goodness of your heart, Elva."

"Don't call me 'Elva,' I can't bear it. Call me anything to remind me that I am a fairy without a heart! and I really have no heart to speak of. If I ever had one it was fragile as a porcelain vase; and such as it was—it is broken now—though as the careless kitchen-maids say—it was cracked before. Ha! ha! ha!"

No—it is only your brain that is cracked, poor child. Your heart is good and sound," said Clemence, stooping till her lips softly touched her fair round forehead.

"I always feel a little less wild and wicked when I am with you, Clemence; but, oh! at other times! the very demon seems to take possession of me. Did you ever see anybody try so hard to get rid of a good name as I did this evening? Ha! ha! ha! If any other woman in that room had behaved as I did, whew! she would not have a thread of reputation left. There I was flirting as desperately as ever I could with Ernest Brent, the whole time, pretending to be so infatuated with him as to forget how to behave myself, and yet did you ever see anything so contrary as calumny? And sometimes I wonder, too, for I feel as if a fate I have no power to resist were pressing me on and on to—I dread to think—what?"

"Dear girl, there is this that you must do—justify the fifth people have in your natural goodness and purity," said Clemence, caressing her.

"Oh! you don't know, Clemence. You don't know how nearly wild I am driven at times."

"But, my dear Elva, will you suffer me to tell you that you yourself are wrong in this. Dr. Dolor doubtless acted ill when he took advantage of your position to marry you against your inclination. But you consented to become his wife, therefore you gave him claims and rights that it is your duty to regard."

"No, I didn't! No, no. I took care of that. I merely gave him my hand in a nominal marriage, to secure him an estate, and my poor sick mother an independent living. No more nor less than just that."

"But, my dear, Dr. Dolor also, you see, has much to complain of, and that should make you at least forgiving and charitable."

"Ha, ha, ha! Yes, he has something to complain of! that is the best of it—that is excellent! He is outwitted, isn't he? The lawyer cheated the demon, and a girl cheated the lawyer. Ha, ha, ha! You needn't talk to me, Clemence, they have driven me wild among them! And now it is a death-struggle between the Fairy and the Ogre! Yes, Clemence, a death-struggle! Look at me!" she said, suddenly stripping up her loose sleeve, and showing an arm so thin, fair, and transparent, that Clemence's eyes filled to see it. "Yes, look!" said Elva, "all the flesh on my bones is dissolving away as under an evil charm. It is his evil eye that does it. But these

excitements, dreads, terrors, and panics are wearing me out, and the Ogre will kill me—ever and ever. I won't kill you by keeping you up forever, dear Clemence, so good night." And throwing her arms around Clemence's neck, she kissed her, and then disappeared as suddenly as she had entered.

And Clemence, forgetting herself, Ernest, and everything except Elva's wretchedness and danger, sank down on her knees, and prayed Heaven's protection, light and grace for the poor, half-crazed, half-broken-hearted, blind and misguided girl.

TO BE CONTINUED.

An Irish Cupid

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2.)

sound of a sharp altercation. Williams' deep voice answering the high, determined voice of a boy speaking with the unmistakable Irish brogue.

"Now, I won't, you old fat Deutchman! he tol' me ter give it ter yer!" the boy's voice was snapping fire.

"You little Irish Mick, get out!" Williams' deep voice bellowed in answer. She had never heard him so angry.

"I won't!" came the quick retort.

She stepped into the upper hall and looked down. Williams was trying to shut the door against the will of a red-headed urchin who had hit his foot in the crack.

"Williams," she began. In a flash the boy saw her, and in the same instant dodged Williams' lumbering snarl at him, and up he came, taking the stairs, two steps at a time a white paper fluttering in his hands. He handed it to her as she stood smiling at the discomfited Williams.

"He—Miss—Mister—Gee! I'm winded!"

In spite of herself, she laughed. "Come, then, sit down and get your 'wind'."

She looked at him as he sat blinking, puzzled as to what he meant and whom he was speaking of. He was a dirty little youngster, but in his eyes was the look of men who conquer.

"Me name's Patrick O'Harrigan," he said, gulping in the last of his lost wind, "an he tol' me ter give this ter yer."

She took the white paper, soiled in two grimy spots where Patsy's fingers had clung to it for dear life. Who was the "he"? but she guessed before she opened it; and in spite of her effort of will, her heart throbbed.

She read the note; it was brief and short, to the effect that he could not keep his engagement. That was all; not a word of explanation, merely a formal curt note. She tore it up and dropped it into the fireplace. She turned to the little Irishman and her voice was cool and chilling.

"You may go now. Tell him—wait—tell him he will not be expected."

Patsy listened and looked, his sharp eyes scanning her face; he seemed to know something was wrong. He sought for some answer. "He didn't say they was ter be an answer."

"Oh! very well—but you may tell him what I said."

Patsy backed off, but made another try. "Say, yer ain't down on him fer anythin' be yer?" He asked stumbling.

She stood silent with many emotions. The bright admiration gathered in Patsy's eyes as he watched her. She read in them the mute admiration that she had seen many times hidden in men's eyes, only the boy's was frank and true and—honest.

She wavered at the stir in her heart.

At last she said: "Patrick, Mr. Randolph

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June Cut-Up-Puzzle Prize Winners

The following are the winners of the fifteen cash prizes offered in connection with our cut-up picture puzzle printed in June COMFORT.

FIRST PRIZE \$3.00 Mrs. Jacob Hart, Wm.
SECOND PRIZE \$2.00 Mrs. A. Wagner, Wm.
THIRD PRIZE \$1.00 Cera E. Cline, N. Y.
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A Corner for Boys

By Uncle John

September Opening

WELL dear nephews Uncle John is with you again and glad of it. I hope you have had a good time playing ball and fishing and swimming and that you will take up your schoolwork with renewed vigor. Now is your happiest time of life and the feet that drag wearily to school may lead you into many strange places before your days are over. This department is solely in your interests and you are welcome to write me any time. Look over the plans and see what a fine lot of things he is one of the rich men of his district.

A Match-box

Here is another little job for the boy with the jack-knife. If the match-box shown is made according to directions it will be attractive and useful. First we get a piece of soft white pine, ten inches long and seven inches wide and cut it to Fig. 2 shape. At "Y" cut two slots through the wood. Now give the piece a thorough sandpapering and a coat each of paint and varnish. For the receptacle we cut a nice clean baking powder can in half as in Fig. 3, leaving two wings in the middle as "X" shows. Those wings pass through the slots and are bent back on the reverse side of the pine piece. The can may be cut with old scissors, or can opener. Paste a little piece of sandpaper on each side of it and a small picture above it. The manner of hanging the match-box on the wall is made plain by the complete sketch.



ALWAYS READY.

A Heavy Block of Lead

When the great fire swept over San Francisco a smelting company had 1000 tons of lead, tin and zinc stored in a warehouse. The intense heat of that awful fire melted the whole mass of metal and it poured down into the basement, filling it all over to an even height of about five feet. Upon cooling this became one solid block. It was with great difficulty that it was removed. After many methods had failed, they sawed the mass into cakes with an electric current, and sent the metal back to the smelter to be refined. The current used was strong enough to cut through a steel rail in one minute.

A Boy's Desk

It is hard to design anything in the desk line that a boy of average ability and resources can make, but I believe I have come pretty close to doing so. The one shown is intended for a study table more or anything else. The top closes down like a cellar door, shutting from view the paper and pens usually stored about the shelf. A complete plan of the front and side is presented by Figs. 1 and 2. Pine boards if they are sound and clear will do for material. Finish the two sides first, laying on the other to make sure that they are alike. Then put in the upper and lower shelf, each of which consists of straight edged pieces cut to the proper length. They are held in place by round-headed brass screws driven from the outside. The slide can be made of lighter stuff except the outer or face piece. The compartments for envelopes, ink, blotters, etc., are of half-inch pine. The lid which closes down is simply hinged to the other sloping piece that forms the top of the desk. When the carpenter work is done smooth all surfaces thoroughly sandpapered, apply two coats of paint thinned with turpentine. Then stain to suit, varnish and polish. You will find the desk easy to make and very useful.

Bathing Animals
Some animals, but not all, enjoy bathing. Polar bears like it for the cleanliness as well as for the swimming and hunting. Monkeys never wash or bathe though in their native haunts it would seem that they have every opportunity to do so. Once a monkey saw a man washing his teeth and the next day he was doing the same thing. A tiger will sit with only its head out of the water on a hot day in the jungle. Another washing animal is the familiar "coon." It not only likes to bathe and sun itself but it has the habit of taking its food into the water with it and washing it. Sometimes the "coons" in the parks in big cities will wash their young so often that they will die from the effect, so it seems that there is a limit even to such a good thing as being clean.

An Arrow Parachute

Here is an amusing toy which you make out of a few sticks and some paper. It is simply an arrow with an umbrella-shaped paper at the top so that when shot into the air the umbrella part will descend open out like a parachute. We have not space to give instructions for the making of the bow and arrow necessary to use this toy but no doubt you have one or know how to make it. Fold a flat piece of paper as in Fig. 1 and cut on the dotted line. When it is opened out it will have the shape shown in Fig. 2. The pointed end of the arrow is then pushed through the center of the paper disk and a wrapping of thread is used to fasten them together as Fig. 3 shows. A piece of string is then tied to each scallop and the lower end to the arrow at the

EASY TO MAKE.

center of its length. It will now have the appearance of Fig. 4. The arrow is shot out of the bow in the ordinary way and will float slowly down in the form of a parachute as in the central cut.

The Price of Teeth

Most of the uncivilized and half-civilized races, despite all the evil stories told about them have a certain immovable sense of honor and justice. The following true story concerns an Englishman who was travelling in the country of the Moors. While riding through a crowded marketplace his horse struck a blind woman and she fell so hard that two of her teeth were knocked out. Right away he was hauled before the local official and was shocked to learn that he must have two of his own teeth knocked out by way of compensation to the injured woman. He protested, but when the case was brought to the notice of the Sultan, the latter actually begged the Briton to comply pleading the necessity of custom, and offering him rich concessions for his trouble. The Englishman finally complied and now it is said he is one of the rich men of his district.

A Book Rack

This book rack besides being useful and inexpensive is of neat and pleasing design. Any COMFORT boy can make one if he chooses to do so. Only two component parts are required and neither of these have any difficult lines. If you have an old table or bedstead or other article of furniture about to be discarded you can utilize it to good advantage. Cut off a piece 20 inches long and nine inches wide and saw it out to the shape of the diagram given at Fig. 1. You can change this as much as you wish, but have it marked out and decided on before you begin to saw. The shelf plan (Fig. 2) is simply a matter of sawing carefully. Sandpaper all the old paint and varnish off and finish new with a coat of oak water stain, then filler, then stain and varnish. A good way to hang it on the wall is to have screw-eyes in the back which suspend from nails, or you can toe-nail it permanently to the wall. Make a rack for your room and see how easy it is to keep your favorite books right where you can find them any time.

September Puzzle

I believe that no form of puzzle is more interesting than the old-fashioned picture rebus and with that view in mind I will run one each month in this department. My aim is to make them both amusing and instructive and to call for only the amount of school knowledge and general information possessed by the average boy. The answers will appear next month and you should keep this month's paper and verify the correctness of our solutions.



The first line represents three well-known American cities and the states they are in. The second line is a very common saying appropriate to the season. The third represents three studies with which you are no doubt familiar. The fourth is a naval engagement of one of our wars which occurred in September. The last line is another very important September historical event.

Rapid Calculation

Here is a very great improvement in multiplying any two figures between 12 and 20. I will repeat the rule in the fewest possible words. To one of the numbers add the unit's figure of the other, and affix a cipher; add to this result the product of the two unit figures and the answer will be correct. I will print an example here to illustrate the working of the rule. 19 plus 7 equals 26 to which affix 0, making 260. The product of 7 times 9 is 63. 17 x 9 = 383

Practice this rule at home and when you are proficient in using it surprise your friends. It is one of the very best short methods I ever run across and makes those calculations where it can be applied as easy as pie.

Problems for September

Every boy enjoys a good problem. The ones given here are not of the catch question variety, nor do they require any knowledge of algebra or higher mathematics. A good, clear brain and familiarity with common arithmetic are all you need to work them out. I will send full solution to all who ask for the same, but please remember about inclosing the stamp for reply.

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if you order within 30 days we will throw in as a special

premium with the suit and extra

trousers at \$4.95 a highly nickel-

ed, fullsize safety razor, guaranteed

to shave as perfectly as any

other safety razor regardless

of brand, make, THE SUIT

is made of navy blue cassimere, a

splendid fast color fabric of

perfect weave and beautiful

changeless finish. It is stylishly

made up by expert tailors in

the latest broadcloth style to

fit perfectly. Large lined pocket

finished, guaranteed better than

any exclusive clothing \$28 to \$10 suits

or no sale. Sizes 33 to 48 in. around

breast. **FREE Trousers**

which we give with the suit at

\$4.95 are made of beautiful dark,

perfectly striped worsted, are very stylish, finely tailored and

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derful clothing offer ever made. We open a challenge

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give chest measure over

vest, waist, measure over

trousers, l'g'th of inseam and

height and weight and

we will send the fine navy

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pair of elegant fancy striped

worsted trousers

and safety razor

subject to examination at

the express office, you to

pay the balance, \$3.95 and express charges, after you ex-

amine the clothes and find them perfectly satisfactory, a portion of the greatest clothing bargain you ever saw, and

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If you **MEN'S FURNISHING GOODS** send our FREE

September

Froman Grant

and

Arrow Muckleshamingo**An Indian-Paleface Romance
of the Five Tribes Country**

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING PART.

Froman Grant, clerk in the Interior Department, under Mr. Valentine, Commissioner of Indian affairs, becoming interested in the legends and traditions of the Five Tribes attends a commencement of the United States Indian school at Carlisle, Pa., where he meets Arrow Muckleshamingo, a daughter of the "proud Chickasaws." They are mutually pleased. The following year on a tour of inspection with the Indian Commissioners, Grant goes to Oklahoma, where he again sees Arrow Muckleshamingo. At Tishomingo he meets the Governor, the Chickasaw Congressman and other representatives. The party go to Sulphur, Arrow's people live near. She arrives and finds the Valentine party speaking from the band stand. At the conclusion of Valentine's address he sees Arrow in the crowd and hoping to confuse Grant calls upon him for a speech. Arrow, confident of his ability, joins in the call. He bows recognition to Arrow, and for an hour holds and sways the great audience. When he joins Arrow at the close he leaves all staring in blank amazement.

PART II. (CONTINUED.)

THE happy greeting over, the Valentine party including Arrow, were ushered into automobiles by the park superintendent and citizens of the town and taken on a tour of inspection over the national playground, and a strong appeal was made for a recommendation for a large appropriation for the improvement of the park and springs.

After the banquet in honor of the Indian Commissioner and his party, Froman accompanied Arrow out to her home in the country.

"How long have you loved me, Miss Muckleshamingo?" he asked as they rode slowly away from the brilliantly lighted park and city.

"Ever since you fell in love with me at Carlisle. I knew you would come to Oklahoma and we would find each other. Since the evening we strolled together on the college grounds, I have never once doubted that you would come to my Nation seeking me."

Arriving at the Muckleshamingo wigwam, they dismounted. For an instant they looked into the depth of each other's eyes.

"I love you, Arrow," pleaded Froman.

Too happy for words, she permitted her lover to clasp her fondly in his arms. Lifting her pretty Indian head from his bosom, he kissed her mischievous lips—Indian lips—many, many times, and caressed her flushed and beautiful features and her glossy hair.

"Are you going away with Mr. Valentine in the morning?" Arrow asked.

"No," he answered. "Do you suppose after finding you and winning you, I would leave you for the pleasures of the remainder of the Indian Commissioner's trip?"

"It would be just like a paleface to do so," she answered.

"Not this paleface," he protested, pressing her fondly and proudly to him.

Freeing herself from his gentle embrace, she said: "Good night Mr. Grant. Call tomorrow and we will take a long ride over the country together."

"If you fellows will excuse me, I will not go with you on the remainder of your trip." Froman announced the next morning at breakfast. "I would like to drop out of your expedition here."

"Just as we expected," answered Kelsey. "We have known ever since the night at McCurtain's that we would lose you when we got to Sulphur."

"Congratulations," Valentine and Johnson exclaimed. "We wish you a happy big happiness."

When Froman arrived at the Muckleshamingo wigwam the next morning Arrow had her pony saddled and ready for their ride. But she led her lover first to meet her mother. Since her brother's marriage two years before to Mercedes Bonneau, a belle of the beautiful French Quarter in New Orleans, Arrow and her widowed mother had lived alone, her brother having built a pretty home on his own allotment.

"I'm pleased with your appearance," announced Arrow's candid old mother upon being introduced to young Grant and eying him critically. "I believe you are a good man and will always be good. You look too proud to be a bad one. Something tells me that with you as Arrow's husband, she and I will always be happy women."

Upon their return from a gallop over the country and by Arrow's allotment which she pointed out to her lover, explaining that the farms thereon were leased to paleface tenants, Mrs. Muckleshamingo took Froman in hand and showed him through her well kept home. On the walls were many interesting relics of peace and war, some beautiful, others a trifle ghastly, which had been handed down through many generations to her late husband. Among them was a commission on parchment, bearing the signature of President George Washington and his Secretary of War, commissioning a Muckleshamingo a captain in the militia to fight against the wild tribes northwest of the Ohio.

"The Muckleshamingos have always been great and proud, and leaders in my tribe in peace and in war," explained Mrs. Muckleshamingo displaying the commission.

That afternoon Froman rode to Sulphur and secured a marriage license, and that evening he and Arrow were married at the Muckleshamingo home by an Indian preacher, surrounded by her mother and a few invited relatives and friends.

Maddy's Temptation**Or, A Heroic Sacrifice**

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3.)

wait. Life is too short to waste any happiness. She has my blessing. And, Maddy, it must be so. Alkenside needs a mistress; you are all alone. You are mine—mine forever!"

The storm had died away, and the moonbeams stealing through the window told that morning was breaking, but neither Guy nor Maddy heeded the lapse of time. There was a sad kind of happiness as they talked together, and could Lucy have listened to them she would have felt satisfied that she was not forgotten. One long, bright curl, cut from her head by his own hand, was all that there was left of her to Guy, save the hallowed memories of her purity and goodness—memories which would yet mold the proud, impulsive Guy into the earnest, consistent Christian which Lucy in her life had desired that he should be, and which Maddy rejoiced to see him.

CHAPTER XXIV.

FINALE.

The close of a calm September afternoon, and the autumnal sunlight falls softly upon Alkenside, where a gay party is now assembled. For four years Maddy Clyde has been mistress there, and in looking back upon them she wonders how so much happiness as she has known could be experienced in so short a time. Never but once has the ripple of sorrow shadowed her heart, and that was when her noble husband, Guy, said to her in a voice she knew was earnest and determined, that he could no longer remain deaf to his country's call—that where the battle storm was raging he was needed, and like a second Sardanapalus he must not stay at home. Then for a brief season her bright face was overcast, and the brown eyes dim with weeping. Giving him to the war seemed like giving

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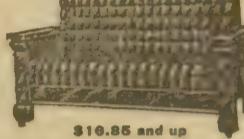
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"Maddy, darling, Margaret Holbrook is right—our baby is very like dear Lucy Atherstone."

THE END.

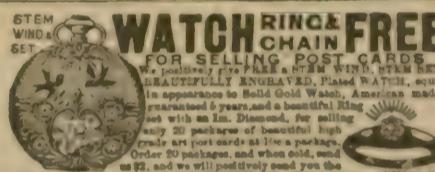
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Show our samples to three of your friends, take two orders easy and make profit enough to get this swell, stunning tailored suit free.

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Manners and Looks



"Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbidding manners."—Bishop Middleton.

In order to meet the demand for information made by COMFORT readers on the kindred subjects of Etiquette and Personal Appearance, this column will be devoted to them, and all questions will be answered, but no inquirer shall ask more than two questions each month. We would suggest to readers to cut this column out and paste it in a scrap book. Address letters to Etiquette Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

M. C., Greenville, Tenn.—Soup should be eaten from the side of the spoon. Spaghetti should be eaten as is most convenient to the eater. Crackers are not to be crumbled into the soup. Many do it, however. Froglegs are served in plates, and are eaten from the fingers. A young lady convalescing may receive men callers. Bloodstone is a dark green jasper with tiny red spots in it, which are iron. It is found in the United States and in other parts of the world. Among the ancients it was worn as an amulet and because of its supposed medicinal virtues. The language of the bloodstone is: "I mourn your absence." You will find more about it in any cyclopedia and from Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago, you may get books on the subject of jewels and precious stones.

A. B., Tabor, Ky.—In making an engagement an early query may be made, when neither knows if it will be possible to go, but that cannot stand as an engagement. It must be made definite later. (2) What do you mean? Do you propose to take the girl only so far and let her get the rest of the way the best she can? We don't believe any Kentucky girl would stand for that sort of thing.

Truly, Cleveland, O.—First time or anytime, if it is raining and they have to go out into it the girl should hang onto his arm. That is not etiquette, it is self preservation. (2) It is not wrong, but it is very silly, for a girl to keep company with a young man who will not take her any place. She should shake him for the right kind who will take her places. Unless he will take her she should go with any nice fellow who asks her.

Scarlet Kid, Stuttgart, Ark.—Every place has its "village cut-up," and they seem to be necessary evils, but they are great bores. It is quite proper to go around after the ball game with the girls in your base-ball suit, if it is clean, and looks decent.

Betsy, Fristoe, Mo.—If she is foolish enough to be convinced by him the first time he meets her that he loves her, and the next time he sees her, he hardly speaks to her, and then again wants to go with her, we think she should let him so she may find out definitely how hard he really loves her. Such information ought to be valuable to a girl with a tender heart. (2) If he is a well-known friend, a young man may lay his hand on a girl's shoulder in a fatherly way. Just as well though for him to keep his hands off. Young men are too anxious as a rule to be fatherly.

Margarette, Checotah, Okla.—Of course people will talk, but as long as you don't do anything more than go out into the country with a young fellow to visit your relatives, accept his courtesy and go. (2) To ride astride in all right.

Lonesome, Kingsley, Ia.—Don't be so anxious to cultivate the young man working for your father. Be polite and nice to him and if he is too stupid to appreciate give him no further thought.

Subscriber, Unityville, Pa.—When parties meet travelling, or otherwise, the proper way to introduce them is anyway that most quickly and satisfactorily accomplishes the purpose. The rules of etiquette cannot be followed, nor does it make any difference how it is done, if they are all made acquainted. Same rule applies in boarding a train. The thing to do is to get on. Sometimes the man leads the way and sometimes the woman. Usually the man starts the woman from the station platform, because it would not look very well for him to leave her there while he gets aboard.

R. T., Tazewell, Tenn.—The proper way is to make a personal visit to the girl's father and ask him direct. A note shows that the young man is either afraid to face the father or that he will have stage fright and not be able to speak his piece as he should. The best way is to walk right up and ask for the girl, and make no pronounces nor nothing. All that has been said over to the girl, and the father doesn't care to hear it. Maybe he doesn't believe it anyhow, or if he does, takes it with a grain of salt.

Silly Goose, Joliet, Ill.—A girl should not any more permit her brother-in-law to put his arm around her than she should permit any other man. We are aware that that sort of familiarity prevails, but we never heard that as much good came of it as harm. (2) Search us, we never squeeze a girl's arm when we tell her good by. Whether we squeeze her hand or not is not for publication. (3) Some girls never do get old enough to become popular with the young men and boys. There is no rule.

Wesley, Wayne, Okla.—Don't bother with her, Wesley. She is doing the courting and when a girl does that, she isn't very reliable. She's just as likely to court somebody else as she is you. Get the other kind, and do your own courting.

Perplexed, Moran, Kans.—The etiquette books don't say what a girl should do when she tells a young man puppy riding to take his arm away and he won't do it. Why don't you carry a gun or don't go with him? (2) If you dislike him so much, what difference does it make if you do hurt his feelings by telling him you do not want his attentions? Tell him and let him heal his hurt with some other girl. (3) If it is the custom in your community to go riding with a young man after church, then it is proper. Customs vary as communities do.

Lily of the Prairie, Aurel, Iowa.—Will we please tell you what the sign is if a fellow puts his right arm around your neck and at the same time squeezes your left hand twice with his left one when you are going away? We will, Lily, it is a sign he loves you more than words can tell, but don't you be too sure that he will not tell some other girl good by in just the same way if she lets him. He never did come right out and tell you that he loved you, did he?

Subscriber, Elk Falls, Kans.—A young lady may accept the attention of as many men as will pay it to her and in one of them has any right to object until he makes the right for himself by becoming engaged to her. Then she may object to promiscuous attentions. (2) Don't stand upon ceremony if they are desirable people to know. You have invited them and they have invited you, and if both of you wait, you never will get together. Etiquette may make people ridiculous, but it was never intended for that.

Sleeping Beauty, Marion, Ga.—It is not according to etiquette for him to bave his arm around her while walking at night, but he generally does. (2) You may use your own pleasure about shaking hands when introduced, but always do it if the other extends his hand. (3) We never heard of a girl walking a mile or two with a young man on his way home from her house, and walking back alone. What kind of a young man is he?

Somebody's Darling, Pulaski, Mo.—Friendship gifts of simple kind may be accepted before he becomes "steady company." (2) Usually ladies do not receive men callers in their bedrooms, but it is the custom in most city boarding houses where the landladies want to make all they can by renting their parlors and sitting rooms to lodgers. (3) It is an almost sure sign of virginity to wear a ring on the outside of a glove. If it can't be worn under the glove, leave it off.

F. A. G., Asheville, Ala.—Something ought to happen and you ought to get the boy wallow all over for lying to two girls and becoming engaged to them. We sincerely hope they will wake up right away to your duplicity and make life such a burden to you that you will go out into the pasture and let a mule kick you through a barbed wire fence. You make us very, very weary.

Curly Head, Elsie, Mich.—We think it more advisable for a girl to have the once-in-a-while beau rather than the steady company. Girls are inclined to marry too soon, being made foolish by listening to the sweet talk of young fellows as foolish as they are, and

when they realize that marriage is not music and moonshine they are sorry enough that they are fixed for life. Furthermore when a girl knows a number of young men she has a better chance to study men and make a better choice. Don't be afraid to get married. (2) Wear your hair in the most becoming fashion to you, no matter what the prevailing style is. (3) Why not thank him for a box of bonbons? Don't you thank anybody for any courtesy that may be extended to you? If you do not, now is the time to begin.

Anxious Lover, Wickliffe, Ind.—As the girl has left her home and been maintaining herself owing to her parents' treatment of you, we think the best thing for you to do is to marry whether her parents consent or not. She should be older than nineteen but that doesn't make much difference under the circumstances. Don't wait until she is twenty-one, unless she wants to wait.

Red Shir, Mount Olive, N. C.—If the girl loved you she would not have been testing your love these three years. She knows you love her, but that cannot make her love you, even if she wanted to. She can't help not loving you, and our advice to you is to take your loss like a man and get out of the deal. You are not the only one who has had to do it, and the quicker you set your heart somewhere else, the happier your future will be.

Blue Belle, Adams, N. Dak.—A girl of sixteen who is out of school may attend dances and also have a beau, if her parents do not object. At the same time a sixteen-year-old girl can learn a great many more things that will be valuable to her hereafter from other sources than dances and beaus. Think on these things, please.

Greenhorn, Calista, Kans.—A diamond is usually the engagement ring, but that kind of a ring depends upon the purse of the man. Any kind will do, and we think the plain engagement ring that became the wedding ring would be a beautiful sentiment though it is not the custom.

Perplexed Eighteen, New Sharon, Maine.—We have a poor opinion of the man who will not acknowledge his engagement, unless both of them want it kept secret. As for the privileges of an engaged man, draw the line sharp on that and treat him merely as a friend, though he doesn't seem to deserve that. Why not exchange him for something better?

M. W., Lost Cabin, Wyo.—Dress according to the custom of your community. Do your mother and sister want your looks to cause gossip and unkind comment? (2) It is proper to ask young men to call. They may also ask if they may call.

Jane, Teague, Texas.—When a caller leaves he may say anything pleasant that occurs to him. There is no rule for farewell speeches. (2) Cut out the kissing until you are engaged.

Puzzled Girl, Clinton, Minn.—Young men and women who have mutual friends frequently write to each other though they have never met, and as a rule no harm results. It is the lady's privilege to stop it whenever she wants to. Or the man can if he feels so disposed.

H. D. T., Rankin, Pa.—One day in the week is as good as another to call on a lady, the best time always being when she is at home. Friday is quite as lucky as any other day.

Fannie May, Murtagh, Idaho.—Suppose you go to Chicago and look over the Society doings of that town before trying it in Boise, Idaho. You don't want to be too brash and jolt the real kibosh off its base right at the start.

K. Y. Z., Astoria, Ore.—Young men callers relish something to eat and drink when they call, and light refreshments are welcomed. The most popular hostesses always do it.

Candy Kid, Schuyler, Neb.—Etiquette provides no way for a strange gentleman to introduce himself to a strange lady or the reverse. That sort of thing is so unconventional that my rules are applicable and those who are the most skillful at it are known as "mashers." Better not learn how.

Rainbow, Coshocton, Ohio.—Simply tell him as he is leaving that you would like to have him call again. Say it in your own language.

Girle, Pinkstaff, Ill.—It is proper to call on his sister, if you are friends, no matter how many times you have broken with her brother.

Subscriber, Laurenceville, Ill.—Of course, it is bad form to accept the company of a stranger home from church. Do strangers act that way in Laurenceville?

Third Cousin, De Soto, Mo.—A third cousin is far enough away to be considered a beau instead of a cousin.

X. Y. Z., La Fayette, Ind.—If you do not care to carry on a correspondence with him, simply do not answer his letter. If he should write asking you directly to write to him, you should answer and give him some excuse for not doing so. (2) There is no rule for declining the invitation of a man whose company you do not wish. You have to get out of it the best way you can. You'll easily find a way to accept the invitation of the one you like. Rules don't apply.

Sad Heart, Lintonville, Minn.—Rich men sometimes have queer ways and maybe this one is like some of the others. Just what he means or what he thinks of you or himself, we can't tell you. Try him out, and if he is a crank don't marry him. They are simply dreadful to live with.

Faithful Reader, Lakin, Kans.—Neither he nor she should keep up the conversation. It is a mutual matter and unless somebody is very stupid each will talk about as much as the other. Don't associate with the young man who can't keep up his end of the conversation. (2) The lady may ask the man to drive with her, his sister being in the buggy. She may, even, if the sister is not in the buggy, but it must be an informal invitation, meeting him on the street or some place accidentally, don't you know. (3) Love messages and tender pictures on post cards are very bad form. Avoid their use.

R. T., Tazewell, Tenn.—The proper way is to make a personal visit to the girl's father and ask him direct. A note shows that the young man is either afraid to face the father or that he will have stage fright and not be able to speak his piece as he should. The best way is to walk right up and ask for the girl, and make no pronounces nor nothing. All that has been said over to the girl, and the father doesn't care to hear it. Maybe he doesn't believe it anyhow, or if he does, takes it with a grain of salt.

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Perplexed, Moran, Kans.—The etiquette books don't say what a girl should do when she tells a young man puppy riding to take his arm away and he won't do it. Why don't you carry a gun or don't go with him? (2) If you dislike him so much, what difference does it make if you do hurt his feelings by telling him you do not want his attentions? Tell him and let him heal his hurt with some other girl. (3) If it is the custom in your community to go riding with a young man after church, then it is proper. Customs vary as communities do.

Lily of the Prairie, Aurel, Iowa.—Will we please tell you what the sign is if a fellow puts his right arm around your neck and at the same time squeezes your left hand twice with his left one when you are going away? We will, Lily, it is a sign he loves you more than words can tell, but don't you be too sure that he will not tell some other girl good by in just the same way if she lets him. He never did come right out and tell you that he loved you, did he?

Subscriber, Elk Falls, Kans.—A young lady may accept the attention of as many men as will pay it to her and in one of them has any right to object until he makes the right for himself by becoming engaged to her. Then she may object to promiscuous attentions. (2) Don't stand upon ceremony if they are desirable people to know. You have invited them and they have invited you, and if both of you wait, you never will get together. Etiquette may make people ridiculous, but it was never intended for that.

Sleeping Beauty, Marion, Ga.—It is not according to etiquette for him to bave his arm around her while walking at night, but he generally does. (2) You may use your own pleasure about shaking hands when introduced, but always do it if the other extends his hand. (3) We never heard of a girl walking a mile or two with a young man on his way home from her house, and walking back alone. What kind of a young man is he?

Somebody's Darling, Pulaski, Mo.—Friendship gifts of simple kind may be accepted before he becomes "steady company." (2) Usually ladies do not receive men callers in their bedrooms, but it is the custom in most city boarding houses where the landladies want to make all they can by renting their parlors and sitting rooms to lodgers. (3) It is an almost sure sign of virginity to wear a ring on the outside of a glove. If it can't be worn under the glove, leave it off.

F. A. G., Asheville, Ala.—Something ought to happen and you ought to get the boy wallow all over for lying to two girls and becoming engaged to them. We sincerely hope they will wake up right away to your duplicity and make life such a burden to you that you will go out into the pasture and let a mule kick you through a barbed wire fence. You make us very, very weary.

Curly Head, Elsie, Mich.—We think it more advisable for a girl to have the once-in-a-while beau rather than the steady company. Girls are inclined to marry too soon, being made foolish by listening to the sweet talk of young fellows as foolish as they are, and

soop your bread in the gravy, though it always tasted better to us than that way than any other.

Troubled Willie, Arkansas City, Kans.—You can't be back your love. Love cannot be won. Ask her to give you back your ring, which you probably asked her to wear, and find some other girl who is more receptive. You can find one.

Honeysuckle, Pupico, Mo.—Girls of eighteen should wear their dresses the same length that women do, and they may accept the attentions of nice young men during school vacation. But only nice young men.

Troubled Girls, Peru, Kans.—Proper or not the young man will kiss his sweetheart at the station when she is departing on a long journey. It is very common, but they will do it. (2) Her sweetheart shouldn't make love to her and the girl with her, at the same time. Nor should she be friends with two girls who cause trouble between her and her sweetheart. This is not etiquette, it is human nature.

Mokey, Foila, Iowa.—He should not ask which of the two ladies he should take home, but offer to take them both, and then let them settle it to suit themselves, which one got him.

An Irish Cupid

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14.)

trusted him, and how he loved the gang. A little of the fire in his militant little soul crept into the plea for his friend, as he went on, telling of Tony, little, thin, weak Tony, always getting into trouble, how once when he had broken his leg Randolph had carried him to the hospital and fixed it so the gang could come and see him and how Tony had just been arrested, and Randolph had hurried over to the court and was going to get Tony free. Then he told how funny Randolph acted when he wrote the note as if he didn't know just what to do, then he told him that he must, two or three times, get that paper to her.

As she listened to the recital that flamed from Patsy's thin lips and loyal heart, she came to understand. Beneath the quiet, cool exterior of some men the world counts hard and merciless and selfish is the great sensitive heart that works for good silently, unheralded, hidden from the world, open only to the eyes of those tested by them and found true. This little narrow rent in the veil opened up the wide sweep of his manhood to her, which, some day, might be all hers. Yes, she understood, the man whom these little savages could love, with their keen eyes forever seeking the crook and the turn in men, was a man worthy of her love.

She gathered Patsy in her arms and hugged him silently, stopping the unwavering flow of his earnest, loyal plea for his big absent friend. Patsy's eyes grew big and for once in his life he was already for the next move. But she released him from his embarrassment by calling for Williams.

Patsy slipped away and eyed the big butler as he came in much as one would eye a mortal enemy.

She laughed softly as she saw the glance pass between the two. "Williams, this is Patrick O'Harrigan, a friend of mine."

"And, Williams, arrange another place at the table, a-and have plenty served—understand?"

Williams stared as if he thought her demented, then bowed, and went out.

"Gee!" Patsy watched until the butler had disappeared. "He's a Deutchman, all right."

A joyous thrill echoed in her laugh, she motioned him to the big chair beside the window. "Patrick, let's talk about him," she said, and Patsy was ready, for there was where he could come in strong.

Patsy told the rest to the gang as they huddled around him, eating good things innumerable from a big box over which he stood guard, though for a good reason he did not eat himself. Sometimes every jaw stopped its voracious munching just to listen.

"Fellers, it was gra-a-and. She was purty as—as—that pictor in Ginie's serlooin—Gee! she was! Un she put me in a woppin' big chair, thin we talked—un talked—un talked 'bout him—nuthin' but him—un she asked piles o' things 'un her big eyes were shinin' un her throat all white un smooth un—un silky kep' movin' un movin'. Thin aft' along time, he come—heard 'im come in down where the Deutchman was—un he said somethin' ter him.

"Thin her face got kinda funny un—un funny! She got up as he come up—beau—ti—ful—um! un stood there. He came in the door un kinda stopped, as if he didn't know what ter do—he didn't see me in that woppin' seat. Thin he says—"Alice, I broke my promise." His voice sounded funny—went down-in-the-ceiling like, yer know. She never said a word, took one step un held out her han'. Gee! she was a screamer!

When God Opened His Door

By Ethel Mantova

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WHEN I finished reading Helen Granger's characteristic little note, telling me that she was in her new home, and begging me to visit her, I was undecided until I re-read the postscript, which of course was longer than the letter.

"I have taught Baby Harry to call you Aunt Bessie. I believe he will be an artist when he is a man; he is such a dear lover of the beautiful. The first long word he learned to say was 'beautiful'. Or perhaps he will be a minister, for his favorite theme is God and the angels."

The little note had fallen to the floor and I sat thinking of the old college days. Then Helen Browning was my chum. Oh, the blessed memories those two words, college chum, recall for all of us. Harry Granger was her sweetheart even then. And I—Oh, well, that is another story. Now Helen and Harry are married, and the little one calls me "Aunt Bessie". It was enough, and ere I realized it I had started on a shopping expedition, I must have a bit of silver or cut glass for Helen; and for the Baby-candy? No, that did not seem appropriate, although I had never seen the little fellow. Toys? No, they would not do. Just then I passed a florist's window. That was the very thing. I would stop in Cincinnati and buy some roses.

Regardless of the fact that the train seemed to fairly creep, it arrived on time. The Granger carriage was there to meet me, and I heard Helen say, "Who is that, Harry?"

"Aunt Bessie," he cried, and came running to meet me.

"Aunt Bessie!" Oh, how those baby words crept down into the lonely corners of my heart.

When I gave him the roses he clasped the great bunch in both arms, saying, "Oh, mamma, mamma! Beautiful! Beautiful! Did God make them?"

"Yes, darling," Helen answered, as she threw her arms around me, "but you forgot something."

"Oh, I forgot, thank you, Aunt Bessie," Harry chimed in while both Helen and I were talking at once, as of old.

Of course the first thing was to see the new home from garret to cellar.

"I do not wonder, Helen, that Harry loves the beautiful when everything around him is so lovely and artistic," I said, as we stood in the door of Harry's own little room.

"Yes," Helen replied, thoughtfully, "Harry and I have tried to make it a real home, and at the same time beautiful and artistic."

Truly they had succeeded, for the very atmosphere said, "home, home. Books, flowers, music and beautiful pictures and floods of sunshine greeted one on every side.

The maid had placed Harry's roses in a beautiful vase in front of his low mirror.

Harry stood there looking at the roses, and not knowing we were near, said presently to himself, as he pulled off a leaf and threw it spitefully on the floor, "I guess God didn't make you, leaves, or he would have made you red like the roses."

"Harry has never liked green," Helen explained. "He did not think it was fair' for me to give Aunt Bessie the green room, but I remembered your liking for it. I guess I need not worry about the artist and the minister in the future," she said thoughtfully, as we started down-stairs, "how spitefully he said that."

"Papa will be home to lunch today, little one," said Helen delightedly, "there is the carriage now," and Harry ran as fast as his short legs could carry him to greet his father.

Lunch was a merry meal, and all regretted the fact that a pressing engagement demanded Harry's immediate return to the office.

"I will leave you girls to chat indefinitely over your dessert," he said, rising. He kissed Helen and Harry hurriedly and was leaving when the little baby voice piped out, as he pointed one small finger at his father, "You didn't kiss Aunt Bessie, papa!"

We were all so astonished at this remark that no one said a word for a moment, and the astonished papa hesitated in the dining-room door.

The little one, evidently thinking the situation was becoming serious, said: "I guess you don't love Aunt Bessie, and you can't go to heaven with me and mamma and my dog."

Helen raised questioning eyes to her husband, who came back, stopped behind my chair, put his hand on my head and kissed the back of his own hand. I could read the twinkle in his eyes in the answering merriment in Helen's.

Harry looked at his father doubtfully for a moment, then remarked, "That's the way I kiss my dog—but I know I love my dog, so we can all go to heaven now." Taking up his small spoon he showed that he had completely dismissed the matter from his mind by the way he attended strictly to his dessert.

Helen explained that, not liking to have him kiss his dog she had taught him only that morning to kiss his own little hand instead, but that his father knew nothing of this.

After lunch we took little Harry and went for a walk in the grounds. He had gathered some weeds commonly called dog fennel, and came running to his mother with them saying, "Mamma, what is this?"

"Don't you remember," Helen answered, "I told you just yesterday what that is. Mother's boy must learn to remember."

"Oh, yes, I know," the little fellow confidently replied, "I know now, it's cat fennel."

We nearly choked to keep from laughing, as Helen said softly to me, "Let him have it that way, what difference does it make?"

"This," said Helen, as she lifted Harry up on the stone wall, "is our boundary line on the west. We will watch the sunset and then hurry to the house and dress for dinner. I always try to have little Harry and myself at our best in the evening."

"Wise little woman," I said, "Oh, you must be so happy, and I am indeed glad for you, dear."

"Yes, I am very, very happy. I have often thought of you in the last few years and wished you were so happy. There is only one cloud in my sky, Bessie dear."

She drew the boy closer, resting her head against him, and looked away to the sunset.

"You know Harry is a perfect agnostic," she said sadly.

"Yes, I remember he used to be, but I suppose it was only a foolish, boyish whim."

"I hoped so," she replied, "but it seems to grow on him. It did not grieve me so much until the little one began to understand. He asks his father so many questions you know, and Harry always says, 'Go ask your mother child.' It is so hard to teach him all those beautiful things alone," she continued, "and then when he is older he will know his father—"

She never finished the sentence, for just then little Harry shivered and said, "Mamma, I'm so cold."

Helen started violently, and snatched him from the wall and holding him tightly in her arms, said, "I had no idea it would hurt him. Do you think he could have taken cold? He has been ill and our physician said a little cold would be very dangerous just now."

Then without waiting for an answer, she hurriedly led the way to the house.

We spent such a happy evening together, talking over the old days and singing some of the old college songs. Little Harry kept us laughing all the evening, with his innocent prattle and cunning baby ways, and the look of anxiety had entirely vanished. But earlier than usual, he came to his mother and said, "Mamma, Harry's so tired, and he wants his little bed."

Helen's bedroom opened into the sitting-room. She was sitting in a low rocker at the window, just opposite the sitting-room door, and Harry was kneeling there beside her in the moonlight.

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heart trouble she cannot do much. She has had so much trouble and sorrow her health has suffered. I am going on nineteen years of age. Before I went to the hospital grandmama used to stay with me. She is eighty-three years of age. I inclose references from the doctor, and hospital superintendent. Please tell all the cousins about me, and ask them to write me. With love to you all, Your shut-in friend,

ELMER DAHLGREN.

The references Elmer has sent are as follows: "Elmer Dahlgren was admitted to St. Luke's hospital March 7, 1910. Both legs amputated March 10th. Discharged from hospital April 4th, 1910. Frances E. Smith, Superintendent." "Mrs. Dahlgren is Elmer Dahlgren's only support. She is a good woman, and a good mother and has had a hard struggle to support herself and crippled boy. I have known Mrs. Dahlgren personally for years. Mrs. Margaret J. Forgy, Deputy Probation Officer."

This is a terribly sad case. I have been trying for the last two or three years to do all I could for Elmer, and have been able to secure him quite a little help in the past. For a year however, little if anything has been going his way, and now that he has undergone this terrible operation, I shall be very grateful if you will help this poor boy and his devoted mother, struggling with ill health and poverty to support her little family and this poor maimed, legless, incurable son.

What a beautiful, civilized bunch we are—not. Think of Mrs. Dahlgren with her weak heart and failing eyesight, toiling day and night, wearing out her life, bravely trying to support this helpless son, and her other little ones. How long will it be before this poor soul goes blind, and what will become of her and her invalid boy when she does go blind? The poorhouse and a pauper's grave as usual. That's all under our present boasted civilization. There is plenty of wealth in this land to take care of such as she, only you can't interest the wealthy in such cases.

I had gone into the parlor to look at the Baby when Helen came in and with her own hands placed in his arms the roses just as he had clasped them on that happy yesterday that now seemed so long ago. As I looked at him, I thought, "Beautiful! Beautiful!"

Then he went to his study and closed and locked the door. Helen said it was best and would not allow him to be disturbed. He stayed there until the following afternoon.

Just then Harry came in and I started to go; but he drew me back gently, and with his wife on one side and his life-time friend on the other, as if he wanted us for witnesses, Harry Granger—agnostic, disbeliever, skeptic, scorner, as he had always been—looked down into the little white face and said, "I cannot see it all very clearly even yet, although I have tried desperately, but I have resolved to trust God in the dark. I do not know from whence came the light, which in all my travels I have never seen on land, nor sea, nor sky, that shone across his face. I do not know why he smiled that sweet, beautiful smile. I do not know what he saw when he said, 'Mamma, God has opened His door.' I do not know where he went when he said, 'and little Harry is going in.' But I do know that while I live in this old world that has lost so much of its sunshine, I shall never hear again the patter of his feet again. I shall never hear again his glad cry, 'Papa! Papa!' when I come home in the evening. There will never come another night when I can press a kiss among the clustering curly hairs on his dainty brow. I am therefore determined so to live and love and trust that some day for me God will 'open His door,' and I may follow the footsteps of my baby boy."

Helen had been crying softly, as Harry stood with his arm around her, and looking down into the little casket, and when his husband finished his noble confession and decision, her face was almost holy, as she knew her prayer had been answered, and she murmured, "My cloud is gone, Bessie, but I little dreamed that the angel hand of our baby boy would brush it away, but it was God's way, and it must be best."

Harry Granger drew her close in his arms and kissing her quivering lips, said, "I can no longer resist the holy religion of my precious wife, and—" his head bent lower and lower over the casket until his brown hair mingled with the golden curls there on the white pillow, and then came back the broken words—"our Baby Boy."

Comfort's League of Cousins
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10.)

ever I went aboard a yacht after that and ate fruit, I always ate canned fruit, cans and all. They are heavier and not so easily raised. I should think that if anybody was to raise a "plume," it would tickle like old scratch as it came up. I should be glad to pay you a visit, Ellen, and am glad to know that you will give me plenty to eat. All I hope is that you don't feed me on "plumes."

1816 Piedmont Ave., DULUTH, MINN.

My DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

Just a few lines to let you know that I have again been in the hospital, and am home again. In the hospital I underwent an operation, and had both my legs amputated above the knees. My legs are not quite healed yet. I am writing this in bed. I was in the hospital in St. Paul for ten months, and underwent an operation there. This was in 1902. I became worse after that, and now have had to have both legs removed. Mother has had thirteen children, but only three are living. She is our only support as father is dead. Since I came from the hospital mother has had to stay with me all the time, she cannot leave me to go out. The only way mother can earn anything is by sewing, but as her eyes are bad, and she has

ly care for her. We are not civilized enough at present to properly care for the widowed, orphaned, and the helpless, friendless sick. All that society offers Mrs. Thompson is the poorhouse, and as she is a woman of refinement, you can imagine how she dreads the thought of

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 25.)

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Conducted by Cousin Marion

In order that each cousin may be answered in this column, no cousin must ask more than three questions in one month.

WELL, well, the summer is over and September is with us bringing the first touches of autumn and I hope everyone of you was just the kind of a summer girl you ought to be and had an awfully nice time and all the beauties, nice ones, even a summer girl could ask for. The cooler days are coming now and the lazying time of the summer has gone and we must get into the harness and pull our loads until resting time comes again. Summer is all right, even if it does get very hot sometimes, but the other months of the year do most of the world's work. But it seems to be all the same to me, and I must stop talking and get at it as usual.

The first letter on the heap is from Brown Eyes of Cave In Rock, Ill., and she is baying trouble with her fiance because he will insist on going with a girl she doesn't like though he promises he won't. What shall she do? Break the engagement, of course. Remember, girls, the man who is not a true sweetheart is a worse husband.

Perplexed Jessamine, Newsoms, Va.—Under all the circumstances, my dear, my advice to you is not to marry him. You think you care for him, but you don't. If you did, the very thought of being engaged to another while you were engaged to him would shock you. I don't think you'll ever be very happy tied down to one man, and certainly not one who may have consumed.

B. O. R., Montclair, N. J.—If a boy of eighteen refuses to wait for a girl of sixteen until she is old enough to marry, you cannot do better than to send the kid home to his trundle-bed and tell him to stay there till he is fully grown up. You ought to have some sense, if he hasn't.

Anxious Heart, Cherokee, Okla.—Only the one you always think of and want to be with and you love and he loves you is the one to marry—provided you are not foolish enough to love an unworthy one. Better not marry at all than marry that kind, or one you don't love. It is a great risk to marry one you do not love, hoping you will learn to love him.

Distress, Middleburg, N. Y.—Write to him for your ring and tell him he can have his by asking for it. If he got mad because you scolded him for smoking and being slangy, let him scratch his mad place for all you care.

Musician, Tennyson, Ind.—Very likely the patient before you had disturbed the doctor and made him act as he did with you. As he had always been nice before and has been since, I would, if I were you, attribute it to that and pay no more attention to it. He may be in love with you, but don't think so until he tells you.

H. H. M., Mt. Vernon, O.—Don't worry over breaking "that great man's" heart by marrying somebody else, seeing that he already has a wife and is too much of a Christian to think seriously of you. You are wasting your young life and doing no particular good for anybody.

L. B., Salt Lake City, Utah.—If you know it is wrong, that is enough for you to know. Don't do wrong and you'll never be sorry. Don't bother about why anything is wrong; simply don't do it. Talk to your teacher about it.

Georgia Belle, Dallas, Ga.—Be friends with him, but if he is indifferent and neglectful, find some other who is not. (2) A girl of sixteen should wait five years before marrying. She'll be sorry enough if she disobeys her parents and elopes. She will not be so silly at twenty-one.

Brown Eyes, Eoscobel, Wis.—It isn't quite conventional for a girl to take up a land claim adjoining her sweetheart's claim and live on it the necessary fourteen months, but if that was the only way to get the land, I shouldn't hesitate to do it. Your character is good now and you can keep it just as good. Gossip may talk, but they will shut up when you and he marry and combine your farms.

Brown Eyes, Brownsville, Ohio.—Very well, if you are stubborn and you won't give in and you won't ask him why he failed to keep his promise and so on, I can't help you. Young people, as well as old ones, have to give and take and you are no exception. Pride can be a very losing thing sometimes.

Helpless, Kerrville, Texas.—It is wise to neglect the neglected as he neglects you. That will either bring him back or end it.

Troubled, Aberdeen, S. Dak.—You are now at the silly age and should talk to your teacher about books instead of talking to me about beans.

Rosebud, Granite Springs, Va.—As his sister is your chum tell her that you don't want her brother to come to see you, if you are afraid to tell him so. Why don't you decline to see him when he comes, if you are afraid to tell either of them? Your mother could settle it in a minute. (2) Don't write to anybody you have never seen unless you know something about him and your mother lets you.

Three Twins, Alexandria, La.—If he really loves as he says he does, you may be sure he will not be having two other girls divide his affection. Love is not divisible, that is, the real kind.

Anxious, Barrow, Wis.—When a girl is in love with two young men and doesn't know which one to choose, her only wise plan is to wait until she knows positively which is the one, no matter if she dies an old maid waiting. It is the foolish girls like you who make marriage a failure so many, many times. You wait, that's all. (2) Of course you can go as far as the porch with a departing caller, but don't linger there till the neighbors begin to talk about it.

Girl-of-old, Ettrick, Va.—Don't marry the man who drinks and do marry the man you love and who wants you for his wife even if you are eight years older than he is. There isn't one tenth the risk in marrying him that there is in marrying the other. Wait until he is twenty-one and marry him.

Elaine, Carnes, Ia.—So as soon as he has you coming his way again he turns off on some other girl? That's the kind he is, is he? And you haven't pride enough not to come his way again. Well, I'm ashamed of you, Cousin, and you ought to be ashamed of yourself. Gather a little spirit and send him flying.

Dewdrop, Guntown, Pa.—First off you should teach him, as you are the older, that it is his duty to dance first with you when he takes you to a dance. He must be awfully ignorant of etiquette. It is all right for him to come to the farm Saturday evening and stay till Sunday, so long as your parents invite him. It ought to be a safe and happy marriage if you love each other right, but don't cultivate his jealousy by letting him dictate to you about going with other young men when he is absent. If he can't trust you, he is a fool to marry you, and you shouldn't marry a fool.

Bobolink, Bath, N. Y.—What would I do? Well, Robbie, I wouldn't be going away from home to get answers to questions I could find out over so much better just by watching and asking what other girls did when they had beans. Also I would wait till I was old enough to know what to do with beans when I had them.

Dauntless May, North Hawking, Ohio.—I don't think your father has a right to claim your services if he has his keeper after whom you can make a good home of your own. You have been his housekeeper for four years and your step-brothers and you are now old enough to take care of yourselves under the direction of a local housekeeper. He is foolish and you should not sacrifice your own happiness and that of the man who wants to marry you simply because your father wants you as housekeeper. If he should want to marry again, he probably would not consult your pleasure about it.

Bright Eyes, Little Falls, N. Y.—As I have often told other cousins who ask me about Catholics and Protestants marrying, I say now, there is more than ordinary risk in it, but if both of you have a perfect understanding about your respective religions, and what

each shall expect of the other in the matter, and you permit no outside interference, you may marry with a fair degree of certainty that you won't be sorry for it.

There dears, all your questions are answered, except those intended for some other department, and where I have sent them, as you will see. By, by, till we met again, when you will be at work from the long rest and vacation and may the good Father keep each and everyone in His safe keeping.

Cousin Marion.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12.)

situated in the outskirts of Stamford, on a side hill, and like it very much.

I do a great deal of fancy work and enjoy it. I am not one for stitching much, but correspond with a good many. I have twelve hundred post cards, all different. Can many sisters go ahead of that? We have a talking machine and piano which we enjoy a good deal. I try to keep myself at home for my husband is a great lover of home.

This place is building up now; people from the city are beginning to realize that the country is the healthy place. We are only twenty minutes from the schoolhouse and fifteen from the church in which I am a Sunday-school teacher, and I do so enjoy going and teaching those children. If I am sick and can't go I miss them greatly. Their ages are from eight to twelve years and I have some nice scholars.

Mrs. BENJY. F. CORBIN, Springfield Ct., R. R. 55, Conn.

EDITOR AND COMFORT SISTERS:

I have been a reader of COMFORT since way back when Aunt Minerva with her two owls as guards greeted us each month. I take great pleasure in reading your letters, especially those from the state of Washington. I lived in Tacoma one year and thought it a fine place to live in. I have only lived in Missouri sixteen months, and being on a farm with plenty of work I really can't say how well I might like it. I lived in Iowa over fifty years and the most of my people are there.

In reading the letters from the sisters I see many subjects talked on and I feel interested in all of them, but there is one thing I will say, that I think our women are far more competent to vote than a man that comes to our fair America and can't speak our language, or read or write it, and in a short time they are given a legal right to vote. I feel that they have no business voting till they have been here twenty-one years; just the same as our boys that are born here in the United States. They may be ever so well read and endowed with good Mother wit, but they are still children; there are twenty-one years old.

If I ever do vote it will be for a law to keep ignorant men from voting till they have earned the right to vote the same as our boys do.

I too have read Fannie Cole's letter and Mrs. Rogers' reply also. Mrs. Ella Olson's letter and I feel that a girl is worse than foolish if she will marry a man that drinks, for there are always other sides with drunkenness, and I feel very sorry for any girl that will undertake to reform a man that has the drink habit. For as Mrs. Olson says, their children are likely to inherit the dread appetite from their father. I know of a lady who married a drinking man and their two boys both drank and she has tried so hard to keep them from learning to drink; but like father, like sons.

How many of the sisters ever made a broom rack? I took two spoons and two ten-penny nails and drove the nails in the spoons about five or six inches apart in an out-of-the-way place. I turn the broom brush end up and hang between the spoons.

Have any of you ever taken stocking legs cut them open lengthwise, fold and stitch crossways on your machine for dishtowels. They are fine and easy to keep clean.

With love and best wishes to all COMFORT sisters, Mrs. LAURA PARROTT BURNETT, Marshfield, R. R. 1, Mo.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I am only a wee dot away down here on the coast of the Atlantic Ocean in an old historical town situated about two miles from old Fort Macomb, which was occupied by Federals during the war between the States and in a place where many from colder places spend the winter, and from the interior of the state, the summer.

Being in very poor health I devote considerable time to reading therefore anxiously await the coming of my best paper—COMFORT. I have been a subscriber for a long time and think it improves from year to year. I enjoy the Sisters' Corner most, but never forget to read the young folks, and admire Uncle Charlie for his witty replies and common-sense lectures to the young, and many older ones could profit from much he says.

Mr. Gannett's and Uncle Charlie's work for the poor afflicted shuns us to be commended and should be supported by the many who are financially able, but cast such opportunities aside. No one knows the life of a shut-in save those who have had similar experience. There are many with a heart full of sympathy, but an empty purse, therefore it is impossible to give only sympathy or a ray of sunshine in the form of a letter, book, flowers, fruit or little token of some kind. Anything to make time pass rapidly and pleasantly. Many could do that and I know how words of encouragement and little tokens of remembrance are received by an invalid.

Mrs. Wilkinson suggests that the care and training of children be discussed in these columns.

I have none of my own but have had the care and management of many and find they differ widely in temperament. They should be studied while young and given the proper training, but be sure to teach by example, not by precept alone. Be kind and firm in your discipline. Don't punish one time for an offence and the next time let it go unpunished. Be sure not to tell a child wrong stories, for if you do it soon loses confidence in you and you have lost all control. I would use the rod as a last resort. Teach them to have high ideals while young; don't wait till grown, because believe as the tree is bent so it will grow.

If any who reads this knows of a nice white woman or girl wanting a home, I would be glad if they would write me as I have a good home to give some poor person or someone wanting a place to stay.

May God bless and prosper all.

Mrs. R. FELTON, Beaufort, Box 132, N. C.

Requests

Mrs. A. D. Chester, 1310 W. Temple St., Los Angeles, Cal., pole bean seed of a variety that is about the size of a lead pencil, over an inch long and white. Please send card first.

Miss E. May Smith, Woolstock, R. R. 2, Iowa, how to put up cucumber pickles in grape leaves.

Mrs. Grace McInnes, Okarche, R. R. 1, Box 23, Okla., letters from sisters living in Southwestern Montana near Bayonne, also from Washington.

Mrs. Edna Hammond, Paragould, R. R. 2, Box 45, Ark., poem, "The Martyred Mother."

Mrs. Belle Eden, Work, James Co., Tenn., cotton quilt pieces, eight by eight.

Mrs. Lizzie Spencer, Sellars, Ky., cheerful letters and reading matter.

Mrs. Nellie Good, Seven Persons, Alberta, Canada, correspond with sisters in Texas and Okla.

Mrs. C. H. Talbot, Winchester, R. R. 2, Ky., a way to remove ink stains.

Mrs. C. A. Pursell, Fillmore, R. R. 1, Ind., remedy for hay fever.

Mrs. Frank Espay, Huntington, Tenn., a partial quilt, quilt pieces and cheerful letters.

Mrs. S. E. Frink, Clark Corner, Conn., recipe for raised cake sent to her.

Mrs. Martha B. McElroy, Cottage Grove, Henry Co., Tenn., a shut-in, correspond.

Mrs. Vinnie Walker, Eureka Springs, R. R. 1, Ark., alone night and day with her three little ones in a lonely country, would appreciate letters and reading matter.

Mrs. Maud Winters, So. Hutchinson, R. R. 6, Kan., letters.

Mrs. F. H. Voorhees, Elba, R. R. 2, N. Y., song "These Little Girls Don't Cry."

Mrs. S. E. Karp, Wilburton, Okla., wishes to thank all who remembered her, and will reply as fast as time and strength allows.

Mrs. A. T. Smarzli, Orleans, Kittson Co., Tenn., lace pattern of angel cross, cross stitch or crochet.

Mrs. A. D. Nelson, 415 Sampson St., Houston, Texas, songs, "Falling Leaves," and "The Monogram Man."

Mrs. Pleasant Holmes, Quinone, Box 66, Jefferson Co., Wash., correspondence with sisters living where there is land to homestead from which a living can be made. Also sisters please write to Thomas F. Day, Fairview, Que., Canada, a shut-in whose name has been in Uncle Charlie's list.

Mrs. Susie Nichols, Roanoke, R. R. 2, Texas, reading pieces.

Mrs. Ophelia Mercer, Santiago, La., a shut-in, quilt pieces.

Mrs. Esther Durson, Hicksville, R. R. 1, Long Island, silk or satin pieces five inches square.

Mrs. Eva R. Malin, New Denmark, P. O., Victoria Co., N. B., directions for making a baby's crocheted ripple saucers in eight sections.

Mrs. Hester Hickman, Hamilton, R. R. 2, Ohio, remedy for chronic diarrhoea for her baby.

Seasonable Recipes

CANNED BEETS.—Boil until tender, slice and pack in jars, and while hot pour over them the following mixture: Three cups of vinegar, one and one half cups of sugar boiled together about three minutes. This is enough for two quarts of beets and should be used boiling and immediately sealed.

Mrs. M. Dule, Webb P. O., Webb, Tex.

CANNED GRAPES.—Wash and pack in glass jars and set in warm water until thoroughly warmed through, then pour a heavy sugar syrup over them and seal. The juice will be a rich pink and the grapes like fresh ones.

Mrs. GENEVIEVE RAWLEY, Olema, Wash.

CHUTNEY SAUCE.—Six green tomatoes, twelve green apples, one green pepper, four small onions, one cup of raisins. Remove seeds from raisins and peppers and chop all together very fine. Add two tablespooms of mustard or mustard seed and the same of salt, two and one half cups of brown sugar and one quart of vinegar unless vinegar is very strong, then use less. Cook all together until tender.

Mrs. F. H. VOORHEES, Elba, R. R. 17, N. Y.

BANANA SALAD.—Peel and quarter and cover with mayonnaise dressing into which has been squeezed the juice of a lemon. Dredge with crushed peanuts and serve with a spoonful of whipped cream.

Mrs. ANNIE NAGOT, Richmond, R. R. 5, Box 106, Va.

WATER MELON SWEET PICKLE.—Slice only the firm green part and cut in pieces one by two inches as they keep better. Soak in water enough to cover to which two tablespooms of salt has been added. Drain the next morning and boil in fresh water until clear. For the rind of one melon, prepare the following: One quart of elder vinegar, three and one half pounds of brown sugar, one half teaspoonful of red pepper, one tablespoomful of celery seed and one large handful of white mustard seed, all put into vinegar loose. Tie in a bag one tablespoomful of ginger, one tablespoomful of cinnamon and one tablespoomful of whole cloves and add to vinegar also. Let come to boil, pour over melon and cook slowly for one hour.

PUMPKIN BUTTER. (Requested).—Slice and boil pumpkins until tender, press the juice out, boil it down considerably in a porcelain kettle. Ripe tomatoes added will improve the flavor. A little pie plant is nice also. Sweeten to taste. Boil slowly until it is the right thickness. Stir often and when done can in glass jars the same as fruit.

Water melon juice makes a more delicious butter than pumpkin juice. Scrape the inside of water melons, press out the juice and go through the same process as with the pumpkin butter.

Pear BUTTER.—Peal, core and slice pears, boil until tender, and rub through a colander. Put in porcelain kettle, add some tart fruit (plums are nice) and sugar to taste. Boil slowly until thick enough and can in glass jars.

Mrs. MARY P. ROBINSON, Woodland, Cal.

GERMAN COFFEE CAKE. (Requested).—One pint of milk, warmed slightly with two inch slices of butter from pound

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We Give a Guarantee to Replace Any Broken Article With Two New Ones Free of Cost

Among the new things that we have for you to show, demonstrate, and sell, is a new line of steel-made articles. This steel gets its name from the guarantee that is given with every article made of Double Replace Steel that is sold.

Double Replace Steel cannot be bought in any of the stores. It is a product that we control, having all the bending and flexible qualities of ordinary steel, but having a clear, ringing sound when hit on anything.

We guarantee to replace a broken article made of Double Replace Steel with two new articles, free of charge, if the article is ever broken. This does not mean inside of one year or two years, but it does mean that at any time, if such an article should show a defect and break, that we would replace it with two new articles at any time. It makes no difference whether the article has been used for one year, five years, or ten years.

We make and manufacture over twenty-five different articles and sizes, all made of Double Replace Steel. These twenty-five different articles and sizes made in Double Replace Steel cover a large line of Scissors and Cutlery, including more new patented patterns made in different shapes and sizes than you have ever seen or heard of.

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BRAZIL SILVER

Warranted for Twenty-five Years.

Brazil Silver is believed to be the very best metal in existence for the manufacture of forks and spoons; it has all the lustre and brilliancy of burnished coin silver, and is much harder and more durable; in fact, it is impossible to wear it out. It is absolutely indestructible. The goods made of this metal are the same all the way through, there being no plating to wear off, they will remain as good as new for any length of time. For all practical purposes in the manufacture of tableware this Brazil Silver is superior to coin silver. Our confidence in the metal is so great that we give a guarantee signed by the company warranting the goods to wear and to give perfect satisfaction for twenty-five years. And furthermore, our guarantee, warranting the goods to give satisfaction for twenty-five years, clears the agent from all responsibility in the matter; for if any article fails to give perfect satisfaction, no matter how long it has been in use, we hold ourselves ready to refund the money paid for the article. You can sell these goods to your best friends with perfect confidence, for every sale is as much a benefit to your customer as to yourself.

If you want to make money fast now is the time to do it. If you think that five-dollar bills are good things to have, now is the time to get them.

It is easy to make from \$3 to \$5 a day at this business.

All Marked With Initial Letters, Without Any Extra Cost.

Among all classes there has always been a strong desire to have their tableware marked with their initial letter, but on account of the heavy expense of having it marked only a very few have been able to afford it. Heretofore the cost of artistically marking tableware has been even greater than the cost of the goods; now, by our new methods, we are able to offer these elegant Brazil Silver goods, all marked with any initial letter desired in the very highest style of the art, without any extra cost for marking.

It is easy to make from \$3 to \$5 a day at this business.

OUR FREE SAMPLE OFFER

In the past hundreds of the best agents in the country have seen and gladly grasped the wonderful opportunity to make good pay in this easy, enjoyable work. They gladly and willingly wrote us asking for our agency, and paid us cash in advance for our valuable case of samples. However, we have decided that in some cases, perhaps, we lose good agents because they have not faith enough in any company to send money for a Case of Samples because they have been fooled, misled and deceived by little one-horse concerns who seem to be in business for the sole purpose of cheating people. Now, for this reason, we are sending out our Outfits free on trial to all who want to become our agents.

Now, you see the faith that we have in you, and the faith that we have in our business, for if we did not have this faith, and if we did not know that the goods were all that we represent them to be, and that with our instructions and advice you would make a success of the business, it would be foolish for us to spend our money getting up these handsome Sample Cases and sending them out on trial, unless we got live, hustling agents.

The case of samples which we send to our agents contains samples of the following articles:

Paring Knife made of Double Replace Steel.

Pull-Cut Shears made of Double Replace Steel.

Dessert Knife made of Brazil Silver.

Dessert Fork made of Brazil Silver.

Tea Spoon made of Brazil Silver.

Soup Spoon, made of Brazil Silver.

Tea Spoon, Triple Silver Plate.

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We also send with the case of samples a large and very beautiful catalogue, illustrated in colors, containing 100 pages, full instructions, price list, and our guide book.

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Gentlemen—Please send me absolutely free the Handsome Silver Samples and Case as above, which should enable me to make \$3.00 to \$10.00 a day; also your irresistible selling arguments, guide book, full instructions, price list, and Beautiful Catalog to capture the eye of the housewife and clinch sales. I agree to get busy with the outfit, if after examination at express office I find it satisfactory, and will pay express charges on the case and samples (about 35c to 50c at most). If after 60 days you ask me to return them, your company will do the right thing and pay express charges for their return. There is no catch about this offer; we ask no money, no deposit; samples and case will be sent same day we receive this coupon.

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To whom it may concern: To my personal knowledge, the Royal Manufacturing Co. is a large and responsible concern, having been located in Detroit a great many years. I might add that during my eight years' connection with the United States Post Office, I have never seen nor heard of a complaint made that the Royal Manufacturing Co. had not lived up to every statement and agreement that they have ever made.

F. B. DICKERSON.

SONG POEMS wanted for publication, with or without music. **Edison**, 1370 B, BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

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LADIES make shields at home. \$10.00 per 100. Work sent prepaid to reliable women. Particulars for stamped envelope. **Eureka Co.**, Dept. 25, Kalamazoo, Mich.

Three Wheel Chairs in August

57 is COMFORT'S Total to Date

Proud and happy am I to announce three more wheel chairs sent out by COMFORT in August as blessings to that many patient, suffering cripples.

It is you, my good subscribers, that I am proud of, you whose kind efforts have enabled me to dispense this charity to the most unfortunate class of sufferers.

Again I must acknowledge my gratitude to the COMFORT Sisters for their help on these three August wheel chairs, for without their aid it would have been only two chairs. So liberal was the COMFORT Sisters' response to the appeal for a wheel chair for Mrs. Mallory that they sent in nearly enough subscriptions for two wheel chairs; so to exact, 380 in all, and so I have applied the extra 180 Mallory subscriptions to the credit of COMFORT'S Wheel-Chair Club for August, which was in accordance with the request of the senders in case of there being a surplus.

You see, COMFORT Sisters, what you can do when your sympathy is aroused in behalf of some particular individual whose sufferings are specially called to your attention. Now please keep up the same effort in behalf of the Wheel-Chair Club, which needs your help so much, and remember that on COMFORT'S waiting list are the names of more than two hundred shut-ins, all equally deserving and most of them even harder cases than that of Mrs. Mallory. You don't know them, but Uncle Charlie does, and although I give especial attention to this department, I leave it to him to assign the wheel chairs each month to those whom he considers to be in most pressing need; and certainly we can all trust to his good judgment and kind heart.

Interest in the noble work of the Wheel-Chair Club is gaining, which enables it to accomplish larger results for suffering humanity; but remember that it appeals to, and needs the active support of every subscriber.

The recipients of the August wheel chairs are Mrs. Jane E. Bedwell, R. R. 1, Box 17, Spring Garden, Ala. Lewis Myers (3 years old), Carterville, Mo. Miss Mary Letterell, Oriskany, N.Y.

Below I print the Roll of Honor for the month.

Get your name in next month's roll of honor, but if you can't do that don't fail to send in at least one subscription in aid of the poor shut-ins.

Let us all boost together and try to make it five wheel chairs next month—it ought to be twenty or more every month.

Sincerely yours,
W. H. GANNETT, Publisher of Comfort.

P.S. For the information of our many new subscribers let me explain, that for each and every 200 new 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT sent in either singly or in clubs by persons who direct that they are to be credited to COMFORT'S WHEEL-CHAIR CLUB instead of claiming the premiums to which they would be entitled, I give a FIRST-CLASS INVALID WHEEL CHAIR to some worthy, destitute, crippled Shut-in and pay the freight, too. It is a large and expensive premium, but to give that number of subscribers, but I am always glad to do my part a little faster each month than you do yours.

Subscription price is 25 cents, but a set in clubs of five or more for the Wheel-Chair Club, I accept them at 20 cents each.

The Roll of Honor comprises the names of those who have sent five or more subscriptions to credit of the Wheel-Chair Club during the month previous.

COMFORT'S Roll of Honor

Names	No. of Subs.
MISS INA DRAPER, Wash.	7
BELL MURPHY, Missouri.	10
MARY E. HAMBRIGHT, Tenn.	15
MISS FLORENCE NOLAND, Wash.	15
MARIE LUCE, Kan.	15
MISS MARY E. MCGOWAN, Mich.	15
MRS. JOHN NICOLSON, Wash.	15
MRS. T. J. BALL, Okla.	20
MRS. JOSEPH WEATHERFORD, Wash.	20
MAUD STRUBINGER, Ill.	25
MRS. E. A. TOBEY, Maine.	25
MRS. M. E. WITTER, Missouri.	25
MARY E. POST, Me.	25
MRS. FLORA LOMBERT, Maine.	25
MRS. ALICE VICKENMEYER, S. Dak.	25
MRS. ARTHUR FRECH, Wyo.	25
MRS. G. W. YATES, Colo.	25
MRS. ELIZA FRANK, Ill.	25
MRS. MARTHA WILLIAMS, Ill.	25
EFFIE JARNAGIN, Ill.	25
MRS. ANNA JACKSON, Ill.	25
MRS. GEORGE BAIN, Oregon.	25
MRS. STELLA SUFFEN, Ohio.	25
MRS. ERIN, Indianapolis, Indiana.	25
MISS LEILA FOY, Utah.	25
MARY A. HURDLE, Wyo.	25
MRS. SARAH WILEY, Okla.	25

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A Remarkable Offer THESE ONE-HUNDRED designs are a "stock in trade" for anyone wishing to do embroidery to sell—perhaps a little home industry—for they include both large and small pieces, something that will satisfy the most fastidious.

Being new and up-to-date designs, they represent something you cannot afford to be without for your own family use.

With the growing popularity of fine needlework, it has become an ideal gift for the bride, for birthdays and for presents, and what a helpful array of suggestions you can have with these 100 designs before you including the latest ideas in Shirt-waists, Dutch Collars, Sofa Pillows, Tray Cloths, Handkerchiefs, Glove and Necktie Cases, Photo Frames, Centerpieces, Sideboard or Bureau Scarfs, Pin Cushion Covers, Fancy Bags, etc. besides three sets of alphabets for working purposes, these designs are perforated on seven sheets of imported bond paper, each measuring 22x28 inches. We also give you a seven-inch embroidery hoop, a felt stamping pad, and a tablet of French stamping preparation.

MORE STILL, we give you a most valuable book for those who know how to embroider and for those who are just learning. It teaches with illustrations forty-nine embroidery stitches, which include Eyelet, Fllet, Shadow, Wallachian, Herringbone, Long and Short stitch, Solid Kensington, Stem, Outline, Overlap, Couching, Satin, French Laid, Solid Buttonhole, Briar, French Knot, Chain and seventeen others. These directions and illustrations are so plainly given that no other teaching is necessary to learn to embroider.

Did you ever send so extensive a SPECIAL OFFER? I am sure you never have, and all this may be yours by sending us only two fifteen-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



In this department will be carefully considered any legal problem which may be submitted. All opinions given herein will be prepared at our expense by eminent counsel.

Insomuch as it is one of the principal missions of COMFORT to aid in upbuilding and upholding the sanctity of the home, no advice will be given on matters pertaining to divorces. Any paid-up subscriber to COMFORT is welcome to submit inquiries, which, so far as possible, will be answered in this department. If any reader, other than a subscriber, wishes to take advantage of this privilege, it may be done by sending twenty-five (25) cents, in silver or stamps, for an annual subscription to COMFORT thus obtaining all the benefits which our subscribers enjoy including a copy of the magazine for one year.

Should any subscriber desire an immediate, special opinion on any legal question, privately mailed, it may be had by sending one dollar with a letter asking such advice, addressing the same to "THE EDITOR, COMFORT'S HOME LAWYER," Augusta, Maine, and in reply a carefully prepared opinion will be sent in an early mail.

Full names and addresses must be signed by all persons seeking advice in this column but not necessarily for publication. Unless otherwise requested, initials only will be published.

I. S. R., Missouri.—Communicate with the Secretary of State of the states you mention.

Mrs. B. G. L., Missouri.—You should be able to prove the marriage by the minister or officer who performed the marriage ceremony or by some witness to the marriage or by the marriage certificate.

Mrs. P. J., Nebraska.—We do not think the person you mention can be punished for witchcraft, except in case he accepts money for some such service, in which event he could probably be punished for procuring money under false representation.

C. C., Washington.—We doubt very much that the boy you mention could be sent to a reform school simply for calling some person bad names. If, however, his annoyance of this person is unprovoked and he persists in it he could be summoned before your local Justice of the Peace, or other petty criminal magistrate, and punished in some small way for his offense.

W. B., Virginia.—(1) Communicate with your school commissioner. (2) In most states ordinarily not.

S. M. P., Ohio.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the statute of limitations runs against such a debt as you mention within fifteen years from the last evidence of indebtedness. (2) If the note has been paid, it is of no value and should be returned to the maker without any legal steps being taken.

E. B., Texas.—We think you can compel your neighbor to build his share of the fence, but that it may be more expensive to you to compel him to do so than the cost of the fence. We do not think that the fact that the fence is on your land would entitle you to the ownership of the part of the fence your neighbor built.

Mrs. M., Missouri.—We are of the opinion, that, if properly defended, such a note as you describe could not be collected.

Mrs. L. W., California.—(1) Communicate with Bureau of Free Lands, Washington, D.C. (2) We do not think you can recover any portion of the property you mention.

N. G., Indiana.—(1) We think that under the laws of your state man may execute a mortgage upon his property, subject to such rights as his wife may have in the property. (2) If there are children surviving the second marriage of your father, we do not think you are a forced heir to any part of your stepmother's portion.

T. L., Florida.—In order to keep title to the property you mention, we think it will be necessary for you to keep the taxes paid. You should procure tax bills from the County Collector. You should also find out from him whether the property has been sold beyond redemption.

M. C. M., Pennsylvania.—We think that the will you mention, especially the attestation clause, should bear date the day it was executed. We do not think the fact you state would of itself show undue influence.

Miss A. E., Texas.—We do not think, upon your statements, that your grandmother can recover any portion of the property you mention.

S. B., Indiana.—Under the laws of your state, we think a married woman can dispose of her separate property by will in any manner she may see fit.

Mary, Iowa.—Under the laws of your state and upon the statements of fact submitted by you, we are of the opinion that, upon the death of the man you mention, one half of his estate would go to his widow, and one half to his parents, and that during life the wife has no interest in the property you mention and cannot compel a division of same, she being only entitled to support from her husband.

Mrs. F. A. B., Oregon.—If your right to the property you mention is an absolute vested one, we think you can dispose of the same by will.

W. J. D., Texas.—We do not think such a marriage as you describe is prohibited under the laws of your state.

Mrs. M. C. H., North Dakota.—Upon your statements to us, we doubt if you can obtain a pension from the government.

L. M. P., Michigan.—Upon your statements to us, we are of the following opinion: that you can bring suit against the person who made the note; you should however, get personal service of the process within the state; after you procure judgment you can proceed against any property the debtor may own within your state; if he owns nothing within your state, but does have property in some other state, you can have suit brought against him on the judgment in the state where he has property, providing you have sued him personally; if he has no property anywhere, it will be difficult for you to collect from him; if he has no property in your state, but has property in another state where he resides, and you cannot serve him in your state, we think you will have to bring your suit in his state.

A. E., West Virginia.—If the person who owes you the money has any property, we are of the opinion that you can collect the same.

L. W., Texas.—Upon your statements to us we are of the opinion, that the woman you mention cannot recover any part of the property you mention.

L. D. B., Arkansas.—Without further evidence than

FAT is Dangerous

It is Unsightly, Uncomfortable, Spoils the Figure, Causing Wrinkles, Flabbiness and Loss of Vigor.

Let me send you my Proof Treatment absolutely Free; you can safely reduce your fat a pound a day.



Note what my treatment has done for others; it can do the same for you.

Lost 115 Pounds. Mrs. E. M. Reynolds, Lehigh, Iowa, writes: "When I began your treatment I weighed 285 lbs. I now weigh 170 lbs., and never felt better in my life. My bust measure is reduced from 45 in. to 38 in.; waist from 42 in. to 28 inches."

Permanent. M. E. King, 6534 Spaulding Ave., Chicago, writes:

"By the Dr. Bradford Method, I reduced 55 lbs., 8 years ago."

Lost 112 Pounds. W. C. Newburn, Conant, Nev., writes:

"I have lost 112 lbs. and am wonderfully benefited in heart and general vigor. Can climb mountains easily."

Lost 98 Pounds. Mrs. J. E. Woldridge, Galena, Mo., writes:

"My figure and appearance have been wonderfully improved; Friends amazed."

Many other testimonials from well known persons will be mailed with FREE PROOF TREATMENT.

I could fill every page of this journal with testimonials from grateful patients.

It is dangerous, unsightly, uncomfortable, and embarrassing to be too fat. Excess fat weakens the heart.

The liver, lungs, stomach and kidneys become diseased,

NOTE.—Dr. Bradford is a diplomated, practising physician, licensed and registered by the State of New York;

famous many years as a specialist in reducing fat and improving health by scientific, gentle, home treatment.

Our firm will send it to us with your name and address, and we will pay for postage, packing and cost of this advertisement, and we will send to you by return mail postpaid this elegant Watch and Moid. Certificates worth \$15.00. Certificates can be used at any time in purchase of goods from our catalogue (total value of watch and certificates \$15.00), all for 95 cents. The watch is regular American lever movement, stem wind and is fully guaranteed. The certificate is made to introduce our watch & jewelry catalogue, and only one watch & certificate will be sent to each person ordering. Send 95 cents TODAY as this advertisement may not appear again. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Address R. E. CHALMERS & CO., 356 Dearborn St., CHICAGO.

Please mention COMFORT when you write.

you state to us, we do not think you can substantiate any claim against the persons you mention.

R., Iowa.—We do not think that marriages between first cousins are prohibited in the following states: Alabama, California, Colorado, Delaware, Florida, Georgia, Idaho, Iowa, Kentucky, Maine, Maryland, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, Mississippi, Montana, Nebraska, Nevada, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New Mexico, New York, North Carolina, Oregon, Rhode Island, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas, Vermont, Virginia, West Virginia and Wisconsin.

M. L. R., Alabama.—Upon your statements to us, we are of the opinion that, in the event of the contest of the title you mention, it will be necessary for the present holder of the land to establish the deed of the former owner to her son, who gave the mortgage, upon which the present owner bases his title, as unless the mortgagor had title to the land, the mortgage or any deed based on said mortgage is of no value.

F. J., Kansas.—If the divorce was in every way valid, except that, if there was any fraud connected with it, such fraud might be a basis for an annulment action, but until a decree is entered annulling the marriage such marriage would, in our opinion, stand as a legal and valid marriage; we do not think the fact you mention in regard to the name would constitute fraud, unless it was proved that it was used for that purpose.

E. H. B., Oregon.—If you will read the heading of this column, you will understand that we must refer you to some local or other attorney for the information you desire in regard to the procurement of a divorce.

Mr. A. S. Hitchcock, (Clothing Dealer) East Hampton, Conn., says if any sufferer from a Kidney or Bladder trouble will send him their address he will gladly and without charge direct them to the splendid remedy he successfully used at home in his own case.</p

How to Get Rid of Catarrh

A Simple, Safe, Reliable Way, and it Costs Nothing to Try.

Those who suffer from catarrh know its miseries. There is no need of this suffering. You can get rid of it by a simple, safe, inexpensive, home treatment discovered by Dr. Blosser, who, for over thirty-five years, has been treating catarrh successfully.

His treatment is unlike any other. It is not a spray, douche, salve, cream, or inhaler, but is a more direct and thorough treatment than any of these. It cleans out the head, nose, throat and lungs so that you can again breathe freely and sleep without that stopped-up feeling that all catarrh sufferers have. It heals the diseased mucous membranes and arrests the foul discharge, so that you will not be constantly blowing your nose and spitting, and at the same time it does not poison the system and ruin the stomach, as internal medicines do.

If you want to test this treatment without cost, send your address to Dr. J. W. Blosser, 439 Walton Street, Atlanta, Ga., and he will send you by return mail enough of the medicine to satisfy you that it is all he claims for it as a remedy for catarrh, catarrhal headaches, catarrhal deafness, asthma, bronchitis, colds and all catarrhal complications. He will also send you free an illustrated booklet. Write him immediately.



Are You Troubled

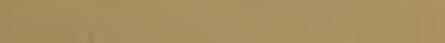
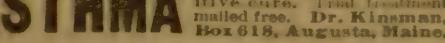
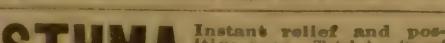
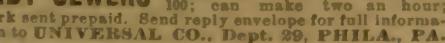
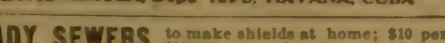
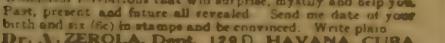
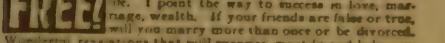
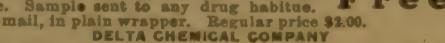
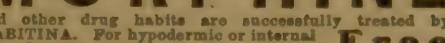
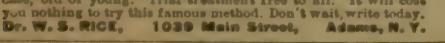
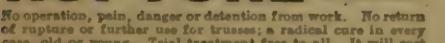
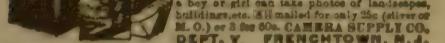
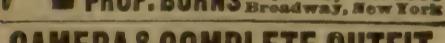
with constipation or piles? If you are, do not tax and injure your stomach with medicine. Your physician will endorse our Entona Suppositories as a simple, practical and safe remedy. It has proved so far over thirty years. If your druggist does not keep them send to MAISON DE SANTE, 240 6th Ave., New York, N. Y.

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If you are suffering from Epilepsy or Fits let us send you \$2.50 worth of our wonderful new treatment free as a test. Thousands have used it with remarkable success, and if you have Epilepsy or fits of any kind, you should give this treatment a trial. Write today for the free test treatment, and let it speak for itself. Address Dr. Peebles Institute of Health, Battle Creek, Mich. 70 Madison Street.



Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19.)

ending a useful and blameless life in one of those institutions. Sickness comes to all of us sooner or later, and how few of us are able to lay aside sufficient for the inevitable rainy day. Sickness is hard enough to bear when you have everything that money can buy, but when you cannot get the things which you need to build up your strength, fight disease, and alleviate pain, and gaunt poverty links hands with sickness, the one racking the body the other the mind, driving a poor tortured soul to the brink of despair, then sickness is fourteen kinds of hell. Go deep into your pocketbooks and help this poor sick soul, and give her daughter a chance for life. Boys, how would you feel if you knew your mother was sick and suffering, poor and needy. If you had not the money to help her you would dynamite a bank to get it. Now do for Mrs. Thompson what you would do for your own mother, if she were similarly situated. This is the first time I have ever printed a letter for Mrs. Thompson. I have frequently put her name on our shut-in list, and the help she has received from this publicity has been a Godsend to her. I feel now it is time we gave her some real substantial aid. She needs it, and God knows she is worthy.

NAVASOTA, TEXAS.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE AND COUSINS:
Will you admit a little mischievous, curly, brown-headed, blue-eyed girl into your happy band? I live in the country, about a mile from Navasota. We have a pretty large grove of oak trees in front of our house and a big pond in the middle of it. We had rain last night and the trees certainly looked pretty this morning. Navasota is close to the Brazos river and has four thousand inhabitants and a right smart little town. My pets are four sisters, one brother and two cats. I am in the seventh grade and like to go to school. I am going to try to be a school teacher when I get to be a young lady. I am just fourteen now. My mama went to Houston in November and stayed a month and left me to keep house and cook. I now see why there are so few old bachelors, if they have as hard a time keeping house as I did.

How many of the cousins have relatives living in Cuba? I have three American uncles and one aunt living there, and two Spanish aunts and one three Spanish cousins. One of my American uncles came over last summer to see us and brought his Spanish wife and two children. His wife couldn't speak English when she first came, but she soon learned English enough for us to understand her.

Texas, where I live, generally has long hot summers and short mild winters. It rarely ever snows a foot deep, and some winters we don't have any snow at all. I would like to get letters from some of the cousins in Maine and the New England states, as my mama's people all came from up there. I would like to get cards from all of the cousins and I will try to answer all I can.

Your loving niece,
LOLA D. SHANKS.

Only too glad to admit you, Lola, into our happy band; young ladies from Texas are always welcome in our magic circle. I am very much interested in the description you give of your house, Lola. You say you have a grove of oak trees in front, and a big pond in the middle of it. I can quite understand you having a large grove of trees in front of your house, but I cannot for the life of me imagine why you should have a big pond in the middle of your house. I should think that would make the house very damp. Whereabouts in your house is the pond located? You must have a very large house if you have a pond in it of any considerable size. I think I would rather have the pond in the backyard than in the house. Billy the Goat wants to know if you have the pond in your bedroom, because if you have he says you could lie in bed and fish for your breakfast, without ever raising your head from the pillow. The only objection to having a large pond in your bedroom is this—if you walked in your sleep you might fall in and get drowned. It would be all right in the winter when the pond was frozen over, than you could skate to bed? We have a large pond near our chicken coop, Lola, and when you are in the neighborhood we shall be glad to have you drop in. I am glad to note that you include your four sisters and one brother among your pets. I hope you think as much of your brothers and sisters as you do of your cats. I did not know Lola, that you were keeping house, or I would have sent you a few recipes. I have a good recipe for catching a burglar. If you wake up in the night and find a burglar in your room, wait until he gets near your bedside, then carefully extract a feather from the pillow and tickle his nose until he has a fit of hysterics, and when he is three miles deep in the fit, get out of bed and tie his hands and feet with your sheets, then go back to bed and sleep until morning, then call the police and have him arrested. I will send you some more recipes, Lola, the next time you go housekeeping. I am glad to know it does not often snow a foot deep in Texas. Snow that could penetrate a foot deep would be a mighty uncomfortable thing to have around. To have snow a foot deep it is no joke. The next time it snows a foot deep Lola, you had better gather up a few tons and ship it to your Spanish-American relatives in Cuba. They certainly would appreciate it there. They would not mind having a pond in the middle of the house either, down there in the tropics, and if you can only get it out of the front door without spilling it all over the parlor carpet, I advise you to ship it at once.

FOREST CITY, IOWA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE AND COUSINS:
I am a girl thirteen years old, weigh about eighty-five pounds, height five feet and three inches. I have brown hair. I have written twice before, but Billy the Goat must have made a meal of my letters, I will try again. I am going to school now. I have lots of fun. There are ten boys and five girls. We have each a board for a seat and slide down hill. Sometimes we fall off the board and then the ones that are behind will run over us. So we have to be careful. Uncle, you say that you live in a chicken coop. How many chickens are in the coop? I have a few chickens. You had better send me a few eggs and I will hatch them in the incubator. I have a heifer and a cat for pets. I like to read the letters in COMFORT. How many of the cousins like to go on skies? How about you Charlie? I like them but I have not any. We have three horses. One of them is cranky and will not let us go on his back. Uncle can you guess what his name is? I will tell you—it is Charlie. I guess my letter is getting long so I will close with best wishes to you all.
ELESE SEVERSON.

Glad to hear from you, Elesse. I'm sorry Billy the Goat has been eating your letters. I am too poor these days to buy him a diet of glass bottles, barbed wire and fence rails, so I have to feed Billy on the cousins' letters or let him starve to death. I am sorry to say, Elesse, that I have not any chickens in my chicken coop these days. On Sunday when dinner time comes around, Maria makes a doughnut, and Billy the Goat gets under the table and makes a noise like a chicken. We eat the doughnut with our eyes closed, while Billy is giving the chicken imitation. That's the nearest we get to a chicken dinner. Oh, yes, we always say grace before meals. I know a farmer who wanted to save time on the grace question, so when they killed a hog and bought a barrel of flour, instead of saying grace every time pork and bacon were brought on the table, he used to say grace over the flour barrel and the hog to save time. You see that grace did for several meals. I hope, Elesse, that you don't do anything of that kind. You ask, my dear, how many of the cousins like to go on "skies." I suppose some day we'll all go on skies. I think however, we will have to wait until we become angels before we can do that. You say you haven't any "skies." What's the matter with Iowa, if it has no skies? Has Pierpont Morgan formed a sky trust, and run off with your celestial covering in Iowa? Toby says he thinks you mean skis, those queer things Scandinavians attach to their feet during the winter. There's a great deal of difference Elesse, between skies and skis. It's my opinion if you ever started to at-

tach the skies to your feet, you'd be tackling a tough proposition, and I'm inclined to believe before you got through with the job that Halley's comet would be chasing you for all it was worth.

I am sorry your horse, Charlie, objects to your riding on his back. Well, Elesse, here is a Charlie who, though he cannot carry you on his back, carries you and six millions of COMFORT's readers in his heart. I think Elesse that a heifer and a cat make very interesting pets. I should like to see you nursing both on your lap. That would be some fun all right.

CELESTE, R. R. 3, TEXAS.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I am five feet, seven inches tall and weigh one hundred and forty-three pounds. I am sixteen years of age. Uncle did you ever chop any cotton? If you will come down I will give you a job. Uncle Charlie do you like chocolate drops? I received my card and button and think they are very nice. I think the C. L. O. C. is doing a fine work. Uncle, I have heard some talk of you being an invalid. Are you? Uncle, did you ever go into a storm cellar? Almost everybody has a storm cellar here. I used to live in Missouri, where they never saw a storm cellar. I like Texas better than I did Missouri.

Uncle, if you will visit me this summer I will give you all the watermelons you can eat. If a cyclone came along while you were here I would let you go into the storm cellar with me. Well, I will ring off. Hoping to see this letter in print, I remain,

Your nephew, A. ETHERIDGE. (No. 20,758)

Glad to hear from you, Arthur. If your name is Albert instead of Arthur you'll forgive me won't you? I attempted to chop cotton once, Arthur, but had very poor success. With the assistance of a ladder I climbed into the cotton tree, and was trying to cut off one of the thickest branches of the cotton tree, some sixty feet from the ground, when I missed my footing and fell on my cocoon nut. I was very much disappointed with the cotton trees in the South. I wanted a spool of black cotton to sew a button on my Sunday pants, and do you know I searched every cotton tree in the South, and I could not find any black cotton, and yet I have seen tons of it in the stores. It seems a preposterous thing to me that a nation that can invent airships, can't grow black cotton as well as white. Arthur, you ask me if I like chocolate drops? I am sorry to say I do not, and I'll tell you why. Some years ago when I was in Atlanta, Georgia, there was a two hundred pound colored lady sitting out on the window sill of a big hotel, polishing the window panes. Just as I passed under the window, the colored lady lost her hold, shot through the air, and landed on my think box. That was a chocolate drop all right, and I've never had an appetite for that kind of confectionary since. Yes, Arthur, I have been an invalid for nearly fourteen years. Nothing remarkable in that is there? I can use my hands and my brain most of the time, and any man who can do that is fortunate and ought to be happy. You ask me if I ever went into a storm cellar? I should smile. I lived in Texas some years ago, Arthur, and I built a most beautiful house. I had a storm cellar on the roof, and a sun parlor in the basement. People thought I was crazy, but I was not as crazy as I looked, for next day a cyclone came and turned the house upside down, then I had the sun parlor on the roof, and the cyclone cellar in the basement, and you bet I had the laugh on all the yaps for miles around. I lived in that cyclone cellar once for three weeks and it saved my life. Mother in law was visiting me that's all. I think I told you about the time I was caught in Texas, with a box of pop corn in my hand didn't I? The cyclone blew me straight across the country to Florida. Just as I was dropping out of the clouds the bag of pop corn burst and the wind carried it all over the State. People rushed out of their houses and thought it was a snow storm. They had not had a snow storm in Florida for fifty years, and they did not know snow from pop corn. After that experience whenever I went to Texas I always took a cyclone cellar along in my suit case, so whenever a cyclone came along, all I had to do was to open my suit case, take out the cellar and crawl into it, and go to sleep until the storm was over. I should be glad, Arthur, to sell you one of my portable cyclone cellars for a thousand dollars. I have smaller sizes for children at half price. I have seen some bad storms in my time. I saw a high wind once that blew all the salt out of the butter, and I had a calendar in my pocket and it blew three months out of the year. There is one thing sure, however, there was never any winds strong enough in Texas, to blow the nerve out of its politicians. I'll be down for the water melon, Arthur, pretty soon, so look out.

GREUB, WYO.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:
I have been reading the letters of the cousins and as I have not seen any from this part of the United States, I thought I would write one. I live on a farm of about two hundred acres. It is located at the base of the Big Horn Mountains, a spur of the Rocky Mountains. The mountains abound with deer, elk, bear and lions, mountain sheep are also found. The streams are full of trout and other fish. Wyoming is a sheep and cattle raising state. Buffalo, our nearest town, is distant about thirty-two miles. It has two banks, three grocery stores, three dry goods stores, a post office, court house, public and high school library, two hotels, two jewelry stores, two drug stores, an electric light plant and flouring mill.

Lake De Smit is about forty miles from my home, it is the largest body of water in Johnson county, the county in which I live. Massacre Hill is about forty-five miles north of here. It is where Fetterman and his men were massacred by the Sioux Indians. There was a picnic out there last summer. They had races, bucking contests, and Col. Carrington who was in command at the fort when the massacre occurred, made a speech. There were a lot of Sioux Indians there, all painted up with war paint.

There is a county fair in Buffalo every fall, they have horse races, bucking contests, steer riding and other events. Come out Uncle Charlie and go with me next fall to see it. At Cheyenne, which is the capital of the state, they have Frontier day. There they have Old Steamboat, said to be the worst bucking horse in the world. Clayton Douks holds the world's record for bronco riding, and C. B. Irvin the world's champion roper.

Well, as this is getting long I will close for this time. I hope Billy the Goat will have all he wants to eat before this reaches you, so I may set it in print.

Your cousin,
HARRY D. WINNIGAN.

Pleased to hear from you, Harry. Your letter takes me back to the breezy old West. Wouldn't I like to get one peep at those Big Horn Mountains, after being cooped up nearly fourteen years in this chicken coop!!! It would feel good to get out into God's country once again. A dish of mountain trout would hit the spot all right, all right. I am glad you have an electric light plant in Buffalo. I did not know that you could raise anything but sage brush Harry. Am glad however, to find you can raise electric light plants, as there is money in that kind of plant. I should very much like to go with you to Cheyenne, Harry. I always remember Cheyenne, for it was there a friend of mine had quite an experience. He was stranded and was trying to get into Omaha. This friend of mine had only one leg, that is he had only one good leg, the other one was of wood. He was ragged and hungry, and looked the typical tramp. He thought his condition would excite sympathy and if he started out to beg, he felt sure he would get all the money he wanted. But there are some hard-hearted people in Cheyenne, and he struck one all right. He walked up to the door of a fine looking house, rang the bell and a lady came to the door. My friend said: "Madam, I have lost a leg." The woman sized him up and said: "Well, what if you have, I haven't got it," and then she slammed the door in his face. Wasn't that immense? You say that C. B. Irvin is the world's champion roper, Harry. Sorry, old boy, but I'll have to contradict you. The world's champion ropers are in Washington, D. C. They have ninety millions of good American people roped hand and foot. When a nation is bound hand and foot, our trust masters can easily go through the people's pockets, and skin them of everything they possess. Roping steers

was an exciting game once on a time, but who cares about roping an old twenty-dollar steer, when a man with a tank of hot air and cast-iron nerve, can get a bunch of never-think voters to send him to Washington, where he can rope millions of American citizens at so much a head, and make more money in a year than you could load on a dozen freight trains. Come again, Harry, always glad to hear from boys who can write as well and interestingly as you.

Comfort's League of Cousins

For the information of those who have not been regular readers of COMFORT, and others who are becoming interested in the Cousins' League for the first time.

The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of COMFORT'S immense circle of readers into one big, happy family. Its aim is to promote a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers. It was primarily started as a society for the juvenile members of COMFORT'S family, only, but these of more mature years clamored for admittance so persistently that it was deemed advisable to impose no age limit, as all are eligible to membership into the League, provided they conform to its rules and are animated by the child spirit.

Membership is restricted to COMFORT subscribers and costs thirty cents, only five cents more than the regular subscription to COMFORT which is included. The thirty cents makes you a member of the League and gives you an attractive League button with the letters "C. L. O. C." a handsome certificate of membership with your name engrossed thereon, and the privilege of having your name placed on the League button.

Send thirty cents to COMFORT'S Subscription Department, Augusta, Maine, with your request to be admitted into COMFORT'S LEAGUE OF COUSINS, and you will receive a League button with the letters "C. L. O. C." a handsome certificate of membership with your name engrossed thereon, and the privilege of having your name placed on the League button.

Or, if your subscription is already paid in advance, you can take a friend's 15-month subscription at 25 cents and send it in with five cents of your own, thirty cents in all, with your request for membership, and we will send you the button and membership certificate, and send COMFORT to your friend for you. No premium will be given those sending it in.

NEVER apply for membership without enclosing thirty cents to include a new subscription or a renewal.

The League numbering over thirty thousand members, undoubtedly is the greatest society of young people on earth. It costs but thirty cents to join, and that gives you at least a year's subscription to COMFORT as an additional extra.

Never in the world's history was so much given for so little. New souls are constantly being invited to such advantage, and bring such splendid returns. Don't hesitate. Join us at once and induce your friends to do likewise.

All those League members who desire a list of the cousins residing in the several states, can secure the same by sending a stamped addressed envelope and five cents in stamps to Nellie Rutherford 1299 Park Place, Brooklyn, N. Y., our general secretary.

Special Notice

Never write a subscription or renewal order or application for membership in the body of a letter. Write your subscription or renewal and membership application on a separate sheet of paper, separate from your letter. We have to put all subscription orders on our subscription file at once; so if it is written on the same sheet as your letter, the whole letter has to go on to the subscription file at once and thus can receive no attention from Uncle Charlie.

Never send subscriptions to Uncle Charlie nor to the Secretary of the League; they bother him and cause confusion and delay.

Address all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and they will promptly reach the head of the department for which they are intended.

League Sunshine and Mercy Work for September

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of these, ye have done it unto me."

Written references from a postmaster, physician, or minister must positively accompany all appeals from shut-ins. Appeals without written references will be destroyed.

B. TINSLEY, 14 W. 6th Ave., Huntington, W. Va. Broken back. Has young wife and child, grateful for any help. Mrs. Annie M. Morris, 325 W. Pitt St., Bedford, Pa. Helpless invalid. Poor, needy and worthy. Shall be grateful if you'll give her some substantial aid. Previous appeals brought little. H. M. Adams, 2321 Pacific St., Bellingham, Wash. Poor, sick, feeble old man. Our help has kept him from the poorhouse. Send him some silver sympathy—the kind that buys bread. Mrs. Belle Poer, Casscoe, Ark. Sick, helpless and almost destitute. Highly recommended. Send her all the help you can. Joseph Moulden, Mt. Airy, R. R. 6, Carroll Co., Md. Blind and a great sufferer. Would like cheery letters and any assistance you care to render. Mrs. W. C. Rea, Martinsville, Va. In delicate health, has invalid husband and several children. Give her a boost. Mrs. Chas. C. Humphrey, Prairie City, Ill. Invalid with Bright's disease. Send her some sunshine, Stacy Rowe, Miller Grove, Texas. Bedridden invalid. Great sufferer. Parents poor. He needs many things to make his life of suffering easier. Drugs, treatment, etc. Help him all you can. Edith Myers, Brush Valley, Ind. Co., Pa. Both legs amputated. Great sufferer. Noble character. Send her cheery letters with something in them. Mrs. Libbie Rangler, Continental, Ohio. Poor widow, sick and needy—no means of support. Send her something worth while. Mattie Moss, McLeod, Ky. Shut-in. Send her some cheer. I. A. Cole, Seymour, Ind. Crippled for fifteen years. Has not aunt living there, and two Spanish aunts and been able to walk for three years. Erysipelas of both feet. Wants a wheel chair or anything else. Lives with aged father on old man's pension. Ellen Mays (24), Omaha, Ill. Terribly afflicted. An operation might cure her. Very sad case. Ellen has no relatives and the friends she is with cannot keep her much longer. She fears the poorhouse will mean death to her. An operation might restore her to health. Who will help? Ellen sells postal cards, eight for ten cents, twenty for twenty cents. Send her the money, don't bother about the cards. Highly recommended. Sam Chisholm, Sheboygan, Garrett Co., Md. Can't walk, wants postal cards and good reading. Rebecca Thomas, Tuckertown, N. C. Helpless invalid. Greatly in need of an invalid lifter. Husband has nearly put his back out of business lifting her. Send her all the help you can, and some quilt blocks. Highly recommended. Mrs. E. B. Welch, Corydon, Iowa. Aged, friendless, invalid. Does all kinds of fancy and plain knitting, hand sewing and quilt making. Send her some work, and anything you can spare. Mary A. Estep, San Saba, Texas, and Mattie Chambers, Calvert, Ky. Have passed to their heavenly rest. Omar Boggs, Boggs, Ky. Omar is blind, but helps to run a store and writes

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 27.)

Bodi-Tone

See Liberal trial offer in full page announcement on last page of this issue.



Adjustable Band Bracelet

for that length of time under our guarantee. Our lady readers will enjoy this Bracelet, and, as it is a new style and new idea this season, you all want one right off while they are fashionable. We are making extra special inducements for clubs, so we have purchased this Bracelet in such quantities we are enabled to offer them to you now at a tremendous bargain rate.

Club Offer. Send us only one new fifteen-months subscription to COMFORT at 25 cents for one of these beautiful Bracelets free. It positively must be a new subscription. Send Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

NO MORE HOMELY WOMEN

Wrinkles Vanish

BUST DEVELOPED

PIMPLES AND BLACKHEADS REMOVED FOREVER

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR DISAPPEARS LIKE MAGIC BY A NEW TREATMENT

Let this woman send you free, everything she agrees, follow her instructions, then if you are pleased, recommend her wonderful methods to your friends.

54 GAMES 57 Tricks and 324 Jokes, 10c.
REX CO., DEPT. B. C., HARRISON, MICH.

MONEY \$ \$ for wise men \$ \$ key tree.
J. WARREN SMITH, OTTAWA, ILL.

12 Beautiful Colored Flower Post Cards
Your name or town greetings in gold on each. **10c**
United States Art, 150 Nassau St., NEW YORK.

Every Woman Glad
Drugs, etc. WEBSTER SPECIALTY CO., Dept. R5, Chicago

\$100 MONTHLY and expenses to trustworthy men and women
to travel and distribute samples; big manufacturer.
Steady work. S. Scheffler Treas., M. G. H. 2, CHICAGO.

MEN and WOMEN, If suffering from Blood, Skin &
Chronic Diseases, Weaknesses, Debility, Premature Decline,
etc., send for book to Oldest German Doctor, 585 N. 6th
St., Phila., Pa., tells all. Exposes Advertising Quack Doctors.

**EARN Watch, Ring
AND CHAIN**
This beautifully designed genuine American Watch
fully warranted to keep correct time, and this latest
style is available here. \$10.00
Ring and chain entirely free
to anyone for selling our
handsome beauty pins set
in gold and diamonds. Price
at 10 cents each. Order 25
today and when sent the
\$2.00 and we will send you the Watch, Ring & Chain.
BOND JEWELRY CO., Dept. 104, CHICAGO

Dear Sisters

If You Are Suffering
From Any of the Ills
That Woman Is Hoir
To Write Me for My
Professional Advice
and Trial Treatment
which I send absolutely
FREE

I am a woman physician,
have treated as a specialist
known woman's diseases
and it is possible for
me to help and cure you if
you will only write to me
way! If so, write me in confidence and I will advise
you free. You have nothing to lose; all to gain. Upon
receipt of your letter in which you tell me of your
trouble, I will diagnose your case and send you by
return mail a plain and complete statement of what
I can do for you and in which way it will be done.
This I will do free of charge, including with this ad-
ditional free trial treatment. I have prepared
for woman's ills. Do not fail to write me today. A
valuable medical pamphlet free to every woman apply-
ing for the treatment. Address Dr. Lusilla McKinley
Derbyshire, Box 574, Fort Wayne, Ind.

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Is the Name of the Newest
and Most Improved Method
of Stamping Transfer Designs



Three or more Transfers can be made from One Pattern and the work is clean, simple and fascinating. The RUBME Outfit gives you sixty-two complete designs, including a Shirt-waist Set, Corner Set Table Cloth, Bandana of Grapes, Deep Collar, Braiding Design, Crossed and Single Anchors, Butterflies, Two Scalloped Borders, Party Border, Towel Design, Tulip Design, Two Flags, Large Oval Dolly, Collars and Cuffs, Design for Case, Hat, Bag, Small Purse, Initials, Corset Cover, Puss in Corner, Anchor Design for Shield, Hair Brush Design, Varieties of Oak Leaf Design, Collar, Cuffs and Bonnet for Child's Coat, Wheat Spray, and Twenty other individual designs for corners, collars, etc., the illustrations giving only a very slight idea of its completeness. This pleasing and extensive variety of patterns are up-to-date and beautiful in every respect, and each outfit includes minute and detailed directions for using.

You cannot afford to be without this elaborate and artistic outfit, by means of which you can make beautiful both your own and children's clothing, as well as decorating your household linen, and making an endless number of lovely gifts.

Send us two subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months and we will send you, free of all cost, these sixty-two designs which may be transferred to any material.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

THIS BIG POSTCARD ALBUM FREE



DON'T MISS THIS PREMIUM

We show this album as it opens, showing that four cards may be displayed before you on the 2 pages, also each leaf accomodates 10 cards, two front and back; the entire album accommodates fifty cards. You preserve and exhibit cards at same time.

The average post-card collector would naturally require three or four of these albums every year, now that post offices are obliged to furnish various seasonal subjects. One could fill an album with birthday, different Christmas cards and again with birthday, greeting cards from friends who are residing at a distance or traveling. In this way one can arrange and classify their cards and they will then be preserved in nice way and when you want to show them to your friends they are presented in a tastily arranged manner for exhibition.

ALSO LOTS OF CARDS FREE

To go with ALBUMS. As long as they last you get Cards and ALBUMS for club members. To COMFORT at these liberal terms Club Offer 50¢ for 2 months, 60¢ for 3 months Club Offer 75¢ for 4 months, 90¢ for 5 months Club Offer 100¢ for 6 months, 120¢ for 7 months Club Offer 125¢ for 8 months, 150¢ for 9 months Club Offer 150¢ for 10 months, 175¢ for 11 months Club Offer 175¢ for 12 months, 200¢ for 13 months Club Offer 200¢ for 14 months, 225¢ for 15 months Club Offer 225¢ for 16 months, 250¢ for 17 months Club Offer 250¢ for 18 months, 275¢ for 19 months Club Offer 275¢ for 20 months, 300¢ for 21 months Club Offer 300¢ for 22 months, 325¢ for 23 months Club Offer 325¢ for 24 months, 350¢ for 25 months Club Offer 350¢ for 26 months, 375¢ for 27 months Club Offer 375¢ for 28 months, 400¢ for 29 months Club Offer 400¢ for 30 months, 425¢ for 31 months Club Offer 425¢ for 32 months, 450¢ for 33 months Club Offer 450¢ for 34 months, 475¢ for 35 months Club Offer 475¢ for 36 months, 500¢ for 37 months Club Offer 500¢ for 38 months, 525¢ for 39 months Club Offer 525¢ for 40 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for 155 months Club Offer 1975¢ for 156 months, 2000¢ for 157 months Club Offer 2000¢ for 158 months, 2025¢ for 159 months Club Offer 2025¢ for 160 months, 2050¢ for 161 months Club Offer 2050¢ for 162 months, 2075¢ for 163 months Club Offer 2075¢ for 164 months, 2100¢ for 165 months Club Offer 2000¢ for 166 months, 2125¢ for 167 months Club Offer 2000¢ for 168 months, 2150¢ for 169 months Club Offer 2000¢ for 170 months, 2175¢ for 171 months Club Offer 2000¢ for 172 months, 2200¢ for 173 months Club Offer 2000¢ for 174 months, 2225¢ for 175 months Club Offer 2000¢ for 176 months, 2250¢ for 177 months Club Offer 2000¢ for 178 months, 2275¢ for 179 months Club Offer 2000¢ for 180 months, 2300¢ for 181 months Club Offer 2000¢ for 182 months, 2325¢ for 183 months Club Offer 2000¢ for 184 months, 2350¢ for 185 months Club Offer 2000¢ for 186 months, 2375¢ for 187 months Club Offer 2000¢ for 188 months, 2400¢ for 189 months Club Offer 2000¢ for 190 months, 2425¢ for 191 months Club Offer 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\$1 Worth of Mayr's Wonderful Stomach Treatment FREE

It is positive remedy for all Stomach and Liver Trouble, Gas-tritis, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Pressure of Gas around the Heart, Sour Stomach, Distress After Eating, Nervousness, Dizziness, Fainting Spells, Constipation, Yellow Jaundice, Sick Head-ache and Gall Stones.

The above ailments are mainly caused by the clogging of the intestinal tract with GALL STONES, backing up poison fluids into the stomach and otherwise deranging the digestive system. I want every sufferer of any of these diseases to test this wonderful treatment. You are not asked to take this treatment for a week or two before you will feel its great benefits—only one dose is necessary. I say emphatically this is a positive, permanent remedy and I will prove it to you if you will allow me to. I will send the complete \$1.00 treatment to sufferers absolutely FREE so you can try it in your own home at my expense.

The most eminent specialists declare that 75 per cent of the people who suffer from Stomach Trouble are suffering from GALL STONES. I firmly believe that this remedy is the only one in the world that will cure this disease. It takes them out and shows them to you. Sufferers of Stomach Trouble and GALL STONES should not hesitate a moment, but send for this FREE treatment once. I would be pleased to send you the names of people who have been cured of various Stomach ailments and speaking the highest praise of this medicine. Just fill out the Coupon below and let me send you this wonderful treatment together with highly interesting literature, testimonials, etc. Don't suffer with agonizing pains—don't permit a dangerous surgical operation, which gives only temporary relief, when this medicine will permanently help you.

GEORGE H. MAYR, Mfg. Chemist,
40 Dearborn St., Chicago.

References—Merchandise Agencies—State Bank of Chicago

Sign and Mail This Coupon

GEO. H. MAYR, Mfg. Chemist,
40 Dearborn St., Chicago.
Send me absolutely FREE, \$1.00 treatment of Mayr's
Wonderful Stomach Remedy.

Name _____
Address _____
Express Office _____



You are not asked to take this treatment for a week or two before you feels great benefits. One dose is all that is necessary to prove its wonderful powers to cure.

Absolutely harmless. Guaranteed by the PureFood and Drug Act Serial No. 26783

physician and have him determine what the cause is and prescribe accordingly.

Wild Bill, Guthrie, Ky.—Any ailment of the eyes is not to be treated at haphazard. Sight is too valuable to take any risks with it, or to practice economy on by treating the eyes yourself. Go at once to a physician and let him examine them and tell you what to do.

B. Holland, Texas.—Specialists can remove superfluous hair by electric treatment, but it costs money, not to mention the expense of getting to the specialist and back home again. See advertisements in COMFORT on the subject.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25)

splendid type-written letters. He would like some cheery correspondents. Mrs. Theresa Trail, Danville, Sta. A., Va. Sick and unable to work. Grateful for any assistance. Well recommended. Priscilla Tillery, Elm City, N. C. Worthy colored girl and mother. Both invalids and in need of aid. Mary Fuller (16), Kelly, Box 2, Ky. Mary has been crippled with spinal trouble since childhood. Remember her on her birthday, September 4. Wm. I. Kinter, Home, R. R. 2, Pa. Helpless invalid for thirteen years. Birthday October 4. William will be thirty-two. Help this poor, worthy, friendless, helpless soul (he's a lovely character) to keep out of the poorhouse. J. C. Gill, Grandview, W. Va. Sight destroyed by dynamite explosion. Has seven children. Nearly destitute. Help all you can. Rosa E. Joyce, Spencer, Va. Poor afflicted girl. Send her some substantial cheer. Emily Whitfield, Flinleyton, Ga. Chronic invalid. Has rheumatism and asthma. Cannot walk. Unable to work. She is incurable and a worthy object of charity, and needs your love and help. Highly recommended. Do all you can for her. Eugenia Moon, Stovall, Va. After many years of suffering has passed to her Heavenly rest. Mary Ellen Willis (44), Barnesville, Ga. Helpless shut-in. Tiny mite of humanity, only weighs a few pounds. Send fifty cents for her book, it is well worth it. Help the poor little soul to help herself. Ellen Kinney, Brockport, N. Y. Deformed cripple, dropsical and helpless. Will you help her get a stove before the winter sets in? She is liable to freeze to death unless you do. Open your hearts and pocketbooks. Johnnie Adkins, Racoon, W. Va. Will be grateful for cancelled stamps, and I think he would like some that are not cancelled as well. Mrs. Phoebe Hayse, Center Junction, Iowa. Helpless shut-in. Would like cheery letters and postals. Mrs. E. Leek, Center Junction, Iowa. Aged cripple. Would like cheerful letters and postals. Mrs. Bell. You sent no references. Could make no appeal for you.

Make as many of these poor souls as happy as you can. Death is carrying off many of the best known of our shut-ins, but to everyone we lose, ten more need our help. Winter is coming and many of these poor souls need fuel and clothing. You who have everything to make you happy and comfortable, pity and help these, your unfortunate brothers and sisters. Do unto them as you would have them do unto you, were you similarly afflicted.

Lovingly,

Ladies Don't Submit! TO AN OPERATION UNTIL YOU HAVE TRIED Magnolia Blossom



Let Us Send You 10 Days Treatment Free

We want to show you free of cost what wonderful results Magnolia Blossom can accomplish. If you suffer from Leucorrhœa, (Whites), Displacement or Falling of the Womb, Ovarian Troubles, Ulceration, Inflammation, Laceration, Tumors, Painful Periods, Bearing Down Pains, Nervousness, Melancholy, Hot Flashes, etc., or any form of Female Trouble, just sit down at once and write for our 10 Days Free Treatment of Magnolia Blossom. We know what it has done for thousands of other women who have suffered just as you do now and we know what it will do for you. All we want is a chance to convince you too. Just have a little faith; send us your name and address today and let us send you the 10 Days Free Treatment as soon as possible, with valuable advice from our Lady Physician. For your health's sake accept our Free Offer. Address,

SOUTH BEND REMEDY CO.
Box C., South Bend, Indiana

Cancers Successfully removed without use of a knife. Health Herald Free. DR. R. BOYNTON, LAWRENCE, MASS.

Free To Women A CATALOG OF RUBBER AND TOILET NECESSITIES. Send 2c. stamp. FAIRBANK SUPPLY HOUSE, B. C. 60 Wabash, Chicago.

GOLD SIGNET RING FREE
Send your name and address for 12 packages of finest silk and gold Post Cards to distribute at 10 cts. each. Return us the \$1.20 when collected and we send you this beautiful Signet Ring, warmed heavy gold finish, very stylish, not the cheap kind. SIGNET RING CO., Dept. 10, TOPEKA, KS.

BED-WETTING CURED A harmless home treatment. Slipping only does harm. Don't neglect it. Write today. Cure guaranteed. SAMPLE FREE DR. MAY CO. Box X 67, Bloomington, Ill.

32 BULBS FREE TO YOU FOR WINTER AND SPRING BLOOMING

This entire collection of 32 bulbs consisting of five of the most popular and beautiful varieties of winter blooming house plants and early flowering Spring bulbs can be obtained with very little effort on your part. We are just realizing the value of these pretty bulbous plants which give such an air of refinement and add so much cheer to home surroundings, rendering them attractive and interesting and we want every reader of COMFORT to possess this rare and beautiful assortment.

We guarantee all bulbs to reach you in good growing condition and no matter how fastidious your tastes are they can't help but be pleased with this combination of exquisite colors and tender delicate plants.

2-HYACINTHS-2
The Hyacinth has been a popular flower for centuries and there is none more deserving of greater popularity. It has merit of being beautiful and easy of culture and is without doubt one of the best of our hardy spring bulbs for general use. It blooms early in the season, remaining in flower for an extensive time and ranges through so many shades of rich and delicate colors that they please everyone. They may be grown and bloomed in the house by planting in pots or vases of pure water, their delicious fragrance and beauty adding cheer and brightness when the winter days are long and gloomy.

5-TULIPS-5
Tulips are such universal favorites that it is scarcely necessary to expatiate upon their merits. Their ease of culture combined with beauty of form and gorgeous coloring render them first place in spring blooming bulbs and incomparable for window gardens. If you have never grown tulips you can form no idea of their beauty, the grand effect they produce grouped in flower beds and borders. Their great diversity of rich, delicate and attractive colors makes it possible to please everyone and the collection we offer here is the grown.

10 - CROCUS - 10

The first flowers of Spring, how sweet and pretty they look and what charm they give the lawn as they lift their bright heads from the sod while the earth is yet cold and dormant from the long winter months. They bloom splendidly when planted on the lawn among the grass or a few planted in pots in the house will make a pretty show. The colors range through all the delightful blues and rich yellows making the flower for the million and the millionaire.

10 - OXALIS - 10

An unrivaled winter flowering plant of easy culture, succeeding everywhere requiring little attention and in fact producing better results in poor soil with a moderate amount of water than if given rich fertile soil and lots of attention. The little bulbs are strong luxuriant growers and when expanding in the sunshine the rich varied and beautiful colors of their flowers present a picture of gorgeous beauty. The pots soon become a mass of pretty green foliage and the showy little flowers will appear in fine long-stemmed clusters.

5-SNOWDROPS-5

Lovely little blossoms and should be found in every garden. They are perfectly hardy and will hold their own and bloom well even when encroached by grasses and weeds. The growth is dwarf but sturdy pushing up through the snow in early Spring, from which habit arose their name. Indoors they are equally pretty and easily brought into bloom.

CLUB OFFER.

A Club of two fifteen-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25c. secures the Complete assortment of 32 Flowering Bulbs. You may send 35c. to renew your own subscription for one year and obtain the set of 32 Bulbs free.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

SINGLE and DOUBLE TULIPS.

most select and beautiful of the numberless varieties

10 - CROcus - 10

The first flowers of Spring, how sweet and pretty they look and what charm they give the lawn as they lift their bright heads from the sod while the earth is yet cold and dormant from the long winter months. They bloom splendidly when planted on the lawn among the grass or a few planted in pots in the house will make a pretty show. The colors range through all the delightful blues and rich yellows making the flower for the million and the millionaire.

10 - OXALIS - 10

An unrivaled winter flowering plant of easy culture, succeeding everywhere requiring little attention and in fact producing better results in poor soil with a moderate amount of water than if given rich fertile soil and lots of attention. The little bulbs are strong luxuriant growers and when expanding in the sunshine the rich varied and beautiful colors of their flowers present a picture of gorgeous beauty. The pots soon become a mass of pretty green foliage and the showy little flowers will appear in fine long-stemmed clusters.

5-SNOWDROPS-5

Lovely little blossoms and should be found in every garden. They are perfectly hardy and will hold their own and bloom well even when encroached by grasses and weeds. The growth is dwarf but sturdy pushing up through the snow in early Spring, from which habit arose their name. Indoors they are equally pretty and easily brought into bloom.

CLUB OFFER.

A Club of two fifteen-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25c. secures the Complete assortment of 32 Flowering Bulbs. You may send 35c. to renew your own subscription for one year and obtain the set of 32 Bulbs free.

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I Want It

No Matter

where you are, whether you are a man or a woman, twenty years old or seventy, living in town or in the country, all you need do is to say "I Want It" and it will be sent right out to you. You don't need to write a long letter, don't need to fill out any tiresome blanks, don't need to give any references or send any money or stamps. It makes no difference what your trouble is, whether you are sick in bed or just not feeling right—we don't ask your trouble and you need not write a word about it. All you need do is clip the coupon, which says "I Want It," fill in your name and address and we will send it to you, without a penny from you.

This is how we are offering Bodi-Tone to every reader of this paper who is ailing or in poor health. This is how over one hundred thousand sick people have already tried Bodi-Tone, the new medicine for the sick, which has cured thousands during the past eighteen months' time, including many of the readers of *Comfort*.

We are glad to send it to you, glad to give you a chance to try it, to learn what a great medicine we have made, to learn how chronic diseases can be cured with the right kind of medicine, containing the right ingredients. We want you to say "I Want It" so we can send you a full-sized one dollar box of Bodi-Tone to try for twenty-five days, to prove to you what it can do for you. If it benefits you as it has benefited thousands, pay us a dollar for it. If you are not satisfied, don't pay a cent. We leave it all to you. We won't ask for pay afterwards or dun you. We know you will gladly pay for real benefit, for real health, vigor, strength and comfort, such as Bodi-Tone brings to the sick, and we feel so sure of Bodi-Tone that we gladly take all of the risk, for it is now curing sick men and women by the thousands.

Bodi-Tone

does just what its name means—cures disease by toning all the body, and we want you to try it and see what it will do for your body. Bodi-Tone is a small, round tablet, that is taken three times every day, either before or after meals, as you may prefer. Each \$1.00 box contains seventy-five of these tablets, enough for twenty-five days' continuous use, and we send you the full box without a penny in advance, so that you can try it and learn what it is, so you can learn how easy and simple it is to take, so you can learn how it works in the body, how it cures stubborn diseases by helping nature to tone every organ of the body.

The composition of Bodi-Tone is not secret. Every one of the many valuable ingredients used to make this splendid remedy are well known to all doctors of all schools; each has a well known and thoroughly established place in the realm of medicine and each exerts a certain definite beneficial action in the body.

Each ingredient is fully described in the Bodi-Tone book, sent free to every Bodi-Tone user. You know what you are using and know it is good and safe. Among the ingredients which compose Bodi-Tone are Iron to give life and energy to the Blood, Sarsaparilla to purify it. Phosphate to nourish the Nerves, Lithia for the Kidneys, Gentian for the Stomach. Chinese Rhubarb and Oregon Grape Root for the Liver, Cascara, which restores tone to the Bowels and Intestines and Peruvian Bark for the General System. All these ingredients pull together to restore health in the body, each serves to build upon the others work, each one helps.

We claim no credit for discovering the ingredients in Bodi-Tone, each of which has its own well-deserved place in the medical books of most of the civilized world and all of which are recommended by the best modern medical writers and teachers. Many are prescribed regularly by the medical profession for diseases in which we recommend Bodi-Tone, most of them have been successfully used separately or in combination with other drugs for the treatment of innumerable diseases but the exact combination found in Bodi-Tone is peculiar to Bodi-Tone alone and gives Bodi-Tone a curative and restorative power peculiar to itself, that has brought health to thousands during the past year's time. We simply claim credit for the formula which we have invented for the way in which these valuable ingredients are combined, for the proportions used, for the curative force which thousands have found in Bodi-Tone, for the cures which make it different from other remedies. That is why we want to send a box on trial to you immediately as soon as you write for it, for we know that you will find it different and superior.

Bodi-Tone

is a scientific medicinal combination but most of the ingredients contained in it are familiar to the common people and are remedies which they, as well as the doctors know to be good, remedies in which they can place fullest confidence and know they can safely use. It is right all through, from the first to last ingredient, a remedy that knows its work in the body and does it in a way

that satisfies the body-owner. It is a pure remedy that all the family, young and old, can use. It contains no narcotic or habit-forming drugs, it contains no ingredient that your own family doctor will not endorse and say is a good thing. It does not depend on killing pain with opium or morphine. It does not excite the body with alcohol, but it tones the body and cures its disorders with the remedies that nature intended to tone and cure the body or that power would not have been given them.

Bodi-Tone offers its valuable services to you right now, right from this page, if you are sick, if you need medical help, if your bodily organs are not acting as they should, if your body is not in right, natural and normal tone. This is what Bodi-Tone is for—to restore tone to the body, to restore health, vigor, vitality and strength.

If there is anything wrong with your Kidneys, Bodi-Tone helps to restore tone to the Kidneys, helps to set them right. If there is anything wrong with your Stomach, Bodi-Tone helps to tone the Stomach, helps to set the wrong right. If there is anything wrong with your Nerves, your Blood, your Liver, your Bowels or your General System, the ingredients in Bodi-Tone, which are endowed by nature with a special action in these parts, go right to work and keep on working day after day, exerting always a well-understood, definite action that produces curative results of the kind sufferers appreciate. If you have Rheumatism, Bodi-Tone, a splendid eliminant, helps, to eliminate the Uric Acid from the system while it restores tone to the Kidneys, Stomach and Blood, thereby exerting a continual anti-rheumatic effect which makes it hard for rheumatism to obtain or retain a foothold in the system. Bodi-Tone should be used by all women suffering from any of the various Female Ailments, for its toning properties are especially valuable in such ailments. Bodi-Tone is especially urged for all chronic sufferers who have tried honest, reputable physicians at home and elsewhere without getting the relief and permanent benefit desired. If your local doctor is doing you no real good, if you have given him a real and honest chance to do what he can and the medical combinations he has used have failed, then give this scientific, modern combination of old-time remedies a chance to show what it can do.

Don't Put It Off

Why delay another day, when a trial of this new and proven medicine is yours for the asking? Why keep on suffering, when all that you need do is to clip out the coupon, which says "I Want It," fill in your name and address, and mail it to us, to get a twenty-five days' treatment of this great remedy that has already put thousands on the road to health. The curative powers of Bodi-Tone have been amply proven by one solid year of cures. It has been tested in thousands of cases, covering a great variety of ailments in both sexes, at every age, and its results are more than sufficient to amply prove the wide curative value of this splendid formula. It was advertised from the start as a remedy for all of the body, and its aid has been sought by chronic sufferers from most of the important diseases which destroy the body's peace and comfort. Thousands know its power.

Persons suffering from Rheumatism, Stomach trouble, Kidney, Liver and Bladder Ailments, Uric Acid Diseases, Female Troubles, Bowel, Blood and Skin Affections, Dropsy, Piles, Catarrah, Anæmia, Sleeplessness, Pains, LaGrippe, General Weakness and Nervous Breakdown, have tested Bodi-Tone and fully proven its great value.

Their experiences have proven beyond a shadow of doubt that the Bodi-Tone plan of toning all the body is a right plan that helps to cure these and other disorders, that it is a real aid to nature. How Bodi-Tone has acted in these cases is best shown by the letters of praise received from former sufferers. Every day's mail brings its share, for the fame of Bodi-Tone is spreading like wild-fire, because Bodi-Tone is doing the work and proving its superiority over common remedies. Many who have for years been in poor health and have tried most all of the prominent medicines, have written that one single box of Bodi-Tone did more good than all the others combined. Hundreds of others have written that Bodi-Tone did the work after good doctors had failed to benefit.

Old Folks

Need It

All elderly men and women should use Bodi-Tone, even though they have no serious trouble bothering them, and feel strong and healthy for their age. Bodi-Tone acts as a "body tonic" for the aged, helping to renew the blood, steady the nerves and promote a good appetite. It aids in digestion, elimination and other important functions and causes sound and refreshing sleep, which is so much needed by all old people. Its special action in the kidneys is helpful to any elderly person, whether or not there be any known kidney trouble. Repeated failures to get any real benefit from the ordinary medicines has caused many old folks, variously afflicted, to believe that all kinds of sickness and disease is a necessary part of old age, but the success of Bodi-Tone proves how good health may be enjoyed even during advanced years. An old body cannot be made young again, for age takes its toll, but the vital functions may be energized, ailments remedied, organs patched up and the entire body strengthened, invigorated and nourished in such manner that old age will be enjoyable and free from pain and bodily discomfort, which is as it should be. All of this is Bodi-Tone's work and many hundreds of elderly men and women testify how well it does it.

How It Cures

ALVORD, TEXAS.—I had Heart trouble, Indigestion and Bowel trouble. In fact, I was all out of shape and was so nervous that I could not stand to be left alone for any length of time. I had just about given up hopes of ever getting any better when I happened to read an advertisement about Bodi-Tone. It appeared so honest and straightforward that I decided to make one more effort to get health, and I'm very thankful that I did so. I have paid out hundreds of dollars for patent medicines and doctor bills without any permanent benefit, but since using Bodi-Tone I feel better and stouter and more like a man than for twelve years, as it has been that long since I was first taken sick. It has had a good effect all over my body, for I have had a remarkable improvement in the condition of my Heart, Stomach, Bowels and Nerves. I have gone back to work and am able to work right along, with renewed energy and vigor. **N. R. SIPES.**

OPELIKA, ALA.—Bodi-Tone has done me more good than all the medicine I have ever taken. I had Kidney and Bladder trouble. I was so weak that I could hardly lift a chair for pain in my back and shoulders. Now that has disappeared. I can lie on my left side now and can sleep well. **MRS. B. B. BROADWATER.**

MURRAYVILLE, GA.—My health was very bad for over a year before I began to use Bodi-Tone. I had Stomach and Heart trouble and also a bad cough which both bothered and worried me a great deal. I had tried various remedies, but they did not seem to reach my trouble, and I was very weak when I began to use Bodi-Tone, in the Spring of 1909. I happened to read about it in my paper and sent for a box to try. Before I had taken all of the first box I could tell I was gaining strength and knew that I had found the right medicine at last. I used it all summer, about four boxes in all, and was soon able to do all of my own work, and could walk three miles a day without stopping to rest. It strengthened my entire body, for I have not had as much as a bad cold since I began to use it. My periods were not regular, but since I began taking Bodi-Tone they are perfectly regular and I feel altogether like another person. **MRS. JAMES SOUTHER.**

WINCHESTER, ILL.—I had Rheumatism for twelve years. I sent for a box of Bodi-Tone seven months ago. It helped me so much I bought four more boxes. Before using all I was entirely rid of all aches and pains. I feel better now than for years. **JOHN C. TERHUNE.**

POWELL, PA.—I think a great deal of Bodi-Tone, for it cured my Dyspepsia, although nothing else that I ever used did me any permanent good. I had taken a well-known dyspepsia powder that helped me just while I took it, and I used various kinds of dyspepsia remedies which I got at the druggist. Then I heard of a medicine in Syracuse, a sort of food that they called a dyspepsia biscuit. I got three one dollar packages, but they did not do me much good. A short time later I heard how Bodi-Tone was being offered on trial, and sent for a box to test it. It helped me right from the start and beat anything I have ever heard of. I thought the dyspepsia would come right back on me, but it never has. I can now eat anything, and what is more, I have not had any Rheumatism since I used the Bodi-Tone, although before, I was subject to it and had frequent bad attacks. **GEORGE LANTZ.**

This Coupon Says "I Want It"

Bodi-Tone Company, Hoyne & North Aves., Chicago, Ills.
I want it. I have read the Bodi-Tone offer of a \$1.00 box of Bodi-Tone on 25 days' trial, and ask you to send me a \$1.00 box by return mail, postpaid. I promise to give it a fair trial and to send you \$1.00 for same promptly if I am benefited at the end of 25 days. If it does not help me I will not pay one penny and will owe you nothing. Neither I nor any member of my family have ever before used Bodi-Tone and I state on honor that this application is for my own personal use and not for any other person. The following is my full name and address:

Name _____

Town _____

State _____

St. or R. F. D. _____

Bodi-Tone Company, Chicago.